

The Listener

Published by the British Broadcasting Corporation

Vol. XI. No. 264

Wednesday, 31 January 1934

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS		PAGE	THE LISTENER:		PAGE
UNEMPLOYMENT AND VOLUNTARY SERVICE (H.R.H. the Prince of Wales)		173	After Five Years		184
SCIENCE:			Week by Week		184
Inquiry into the Unknown—III. Strange Powers of the Physical Medium (Lord Charles Hope)		176	ART:		
The Weather House—IV. Reports from the Upper Floors (R. A. Watson Watt)		204	British Art—III. Sculpture (R. M. Y. Gleadowe)		186
THE WORLD YESTERDAY AND TODAY:			British Art at South Kensington		189
Whither Britain?—IV. (Ernest Bevin)		178	THE LISTENER'S MUSIC:		
British Industry—the Whole and the Parts (Professor John Hilton)		180	Music and Reality (Harvey Grace)		207
Actions and Reactions in European Affairs (Vernon Bartlett)		191	POINTS FROM LETTERS:		
'Seven Days' Hard' (G. K. Chesterton)		192	Whither Britain?—Noise Abatement—Opera Today		
The Navy in and after the Great War (Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond)		193	—An International Centre—Oxford Movements of Today—The Pedants Join Battle—Cities of China		
The National Character—XV. Welsh Character (Thomas Jones)		195	—Paul Klee—'Fistral Bay'—Philosophy and Beauty		
The Colonial Empire—III. Changing Civilisations in Ceylon (John Still)		198	—Scientific Terms and Clear Thinking		209
The Far East—IV. Travel in China (John Scott)		202	BOOKS AND AUTHORS:		
Economics in a Changing World (Commander Stephen King-Hall)		206	Books of the Week (I. M. Parsons)		211
			Science and Dream (Morris Robb)		212
			The Listener's Book Chronicle		213
			POEM:		
			Dust (Richard Church)		211
			SUMMARY OF PROGRAMMES		x
			THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD		xii

SUPPLEMENT ON BRITISH BROADCASTING

A short account of the B.B.C.'s Constitution, Technical Service, Programmes, and Contact with the Listening Public

Unemployment and Voluntary Service

By H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

Broadcast on January 27, 1934, the second anniversary of the memorable meeting at the Albert Hall at which the Prince gave the lead to voluntary service on behalf of the unemployed

EXACTLY two years ago tonight I made a speech at the Albert Hall. Economic difficulties in 1932 had reached a crisis, and we all realised that we were in for a period of hardship and self-denial; but many people felt that it was not enough just to tighten their own belts, they wanted to do something more active, something more positive, to help in this national emergency. In view of the fact that unemployment was one of our greatest problems, I suggested that night at the Albert Hall that the best way of helping our less fortunate neighbours was not to let ourselves be bewildered by the size of this problem, but to split it up into small parts by looking round in our own neighbourhood, at our very door, where we should probably find some practical task to undertake. I pointed out that few of us were in a position to plan or carry out really big schemes, but that if everyone were to tackle some small piece of voluntary service, together we might achieve a good deal. I also emphasised that what was wanted was not just a mere flash in the pan, but a determined and sustained effort in the years to come.

Last year I spoke from the B.B.C.—where I am now sitting—and told you what response there had been to my appeal for social service, and how I had personally visited many districts throughout Great Britain to see what was going on, and also to inaugurate a series of talks by Mr.

S. P. B. Mais, which were entitled 'S.O.S.', and which I hope you will remember.

Well, I have again this last year continued my travels round the country, trying to encourage the activities that are in progress and to see for myself what is still needed. Although there has been some improvement in employment in some districts, the whole situation is still very serious; and although the more I go about the more thankful I am for the voluntary activities that are in progress, I know that the real need is for regular work. That is what is wanted; and with some prospect of further improvement in trade, I urge most strongly that no opportunities of giving employment shall be neglected or postponed. I say this because I do not want any of the people we are trying to help to run away with the idea that we are just satisfied in providing them with occupational centres and what they can get out of them—useful as they may be. No one wants to go on indefinitely mending boots or making book-shelves, and we realise that all these kinds of activities are only a stop-gap.

But another year's experience of travelling around has taught me above all that these so-called stop-gaps have, in most cases, developed into a great deal more than that—not so much materially, as creating a new spirit of good-fellowship amongst all sorts and conditions of men and women. I am glad to tell you that today there are over two thousand active voluntary schemes in existence all

over the country, doing really valuable work in helping countless men and women who are unemployed to find something useful to do in the long empty hours of their unoccupied leisure, enabling them to learn for the first time the satisfaction of discovering all kinds of unexpected talents and new interests. I never cease to admire the way in which so many of those suffering under the intolerable nightmare of unemployment have shown their determination to make the best of it, and I am thankful for the help and backing their efforts are getting in so many places.

I am not inaugurating a new idea, and I am not making an appeal tonight, because I think and hope that this spirit of friendliness has become a part of us. I only wish

I had time to describe to you in detail all the many and varied schemes that are in existence, or to tell you countless stories illustrating the wonderful feeling that is often created. However, one particularly touching one does come into my mind. A committee meeting was in progress just before Christmas in a small club in a very poor neighbourhood of London. The members, mostly unemployed or casually employed, with large families and living in two rooms, with a very small weekly income, had already contributed towards a Christmas party for their own children. Further suggestions were called for by the chairman, and one man got up and proposed that another subscription should be raised amongst the members for another party for the children of the neighbourhood who were even poorer than themselves, and who had not the benefit of the club and its canteen. This was done.

Surely, such a story is enough to make you realise the need for further recruits to swell the membership of this great public-spirited movement which is doing much to keep Britain the strong team that it is today.

Now I want to make a few suggestions about activities in the future, that are based on my own observations. First of all, the so-called occupational centres should be developed into proper clubs, each with its own management committee and duly elected membership, each with its canteen, its workshop, and a large room for educational, recreational and social activities. And in every local club scheme we must remember those men who have families, and particularly their wives, for they, too, need the opportunities which clubs can give them. And the membership of these clubs should not be confined to people who are unemployed; provision for the needs of members during periods of unemployment will, of course, be a characteristic feature, but we must not let unemployed people feel that they need separate clubs. Another reason why I advocate this so strongly, is that members of clubs who are in employment can so often get jobs for

fellow members who are not. Besides the larger schemes and more important centres I have seen many of the smaller type of clubs, which for various reasons may possibly appeal more to some of you who have not, as yet, taken any active part in this movement. I have seen, for example, many of these small clubs—mere tin huts, in fact—gaily painted inside, full of light and good cheer, and with a bright stove burning and friendly people around it in the evening enjoying the companionship of others, while at the other end, the carpenter's and boot-repairing benches are crowded, and games of cards, dominoes, etc., are in progress.

Even these smaller clubs are valuable, and, with the

generous help of local firms in equipping them, can be started with only a few hundred pounds. This brings me to the question of finance; and here again is a problem that looks far less formidable if broken up into small contributions by great numbers of people. Over a quarter of a million pounds have been contributed voluntarily towards schemes, not through any big central collection, but by a multitude of local efforts. Have not the unemployed people themselves set a great example—for they have contributed over £30,000 in weekly pennies and tuppences as club subscriptions and payment for materials to work with. And I know of an example where local firms have given bricks, timber, plumbing and window-frames, and the unemployed members have built and decorated the club themselves. This is a very ideal form of mutual help, and could, I think, be greatly ex-



tended to advantage.

There is another way of dealing with the problem of finance, which I have suggested before: that groups of people might associate themselves with particular clubs and make themselves jointly responsible for part of the cost. I am glad to find how this suggestion has been taken up by the staffs of various concerns—government departments, banks, business houses, industrial firms, the tramway employees of a Corporation; all kinds of groups are forming alliances of this kind. By small weekly subscriptions they make a most valuable contribution towards the running of a club in places where local resources cannot possibly meet the full cost.

Another very important feature in the voluntary service movement is the providing of facilities for keeping fit and for camping in the summer. Although there are many clubs which do provide a physical training or keep-fit class on the premises, or opportunity for football and other outdoor games, there are still many that have not been able to provide this essential form of recreation in places where the difficulty could, I am sure, be overcome.



The Prince talking to unemployed allotment-holders

It has been overcome on the Duchy of Cornwall property in London, at the Oval, where the Surrey County Cricket Club are accommodating unemployed men from Lambeth. They have placed part of the cricket field at their disposal for any form of physical exercise they may care for, and part of the pavilion is used as a club-room and dressing rooms. Will not other cricket clubs in the country follow the example of Surrey, and offer their grounds and pavilions for this excellent purpose—at any rate, during the winter months?

As regards camping, which I consider a very important item, eighty camps were organised last summer; and from visits to several of these I know how much they are appreciated, and the beneficial results both in mind and body to those who can avail themselves of opportunities for camping. Cannot every town have its camp this summer?—because I am sure that there are plenty of people with land who would make sites available; and with proper

organisation, the cost can be kept quite low. I should like to think that anyone who is unemployed could get a camping-holiday this year if he wanted to.

These are some of the thoughts that occur to me as I look back upon the two years since the meeting at the Albert Hall. A great deal has been done, and there has been a wide and generous response to my appeal. New interests have been awakened and fresh heart kindled in tens of thousands, but we must not be content until we have good clubs everywhere so equipped that those who need them can find opportunities for friendship, occupation and recreation, where the day can be spent usefully in times of unemployment, or leisure spent with advantage after working hours. Let self-help go hand in hand with mutual service; let the State do its utmost by political and economic devices; but there is no remedy which will ever replace or make obsolete the way of fellowship.

Inquiry into the Unknown—III

Strange Powers of the Physical Medium

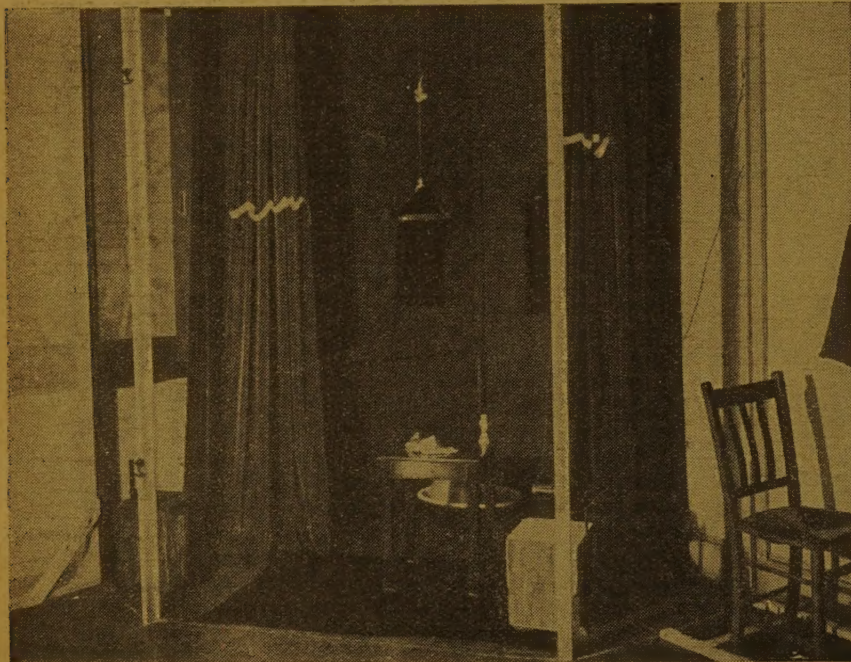
By LORD CHARLES HOPE

WHAT is physical mediumship? Well, quite broadly speaking, it is the power which some people possess—or claim to possess—of moving objects at a distance without material contact with them. Rudi Schneider is the name of one of these mediums. When he is giving a sitting he puts on a pair of pyjamas with luminous strips at the wrists. He then sits down. His hands are held by a person who sits opposite him and who places his two legs on either side of the medium's knees. The light is then extinguished, but the luminous wrist-bands still

are painted with luminous paint, so that they can be better seen, and there are also luminous strips on the curtains. The idea is that the force, or whatever it is, that emanates from the medium, is able to move these objects when it is in good form. When this happens, the small objects will suddenly fall over or even fly up over the heads of the sitters and fall down in remote corners of the room. The table itself may sometimes be lifted up and overturned, and on occasions things on it have even been broken. A still stranger thing is that this unknown force, when it is particularly strong, can so condense itself that it

becomes visible. Then a curious thing happens, because this force—I call it force, because that is what Olga herself calls it—becomes visible in a human shape. That is to say that a shape like that of a human hand may come out in the dim red light, lift an object, and even possibly touch you. I have experienced this myself, and so have many other witnesses. Sometimes the shape may develop even more—to the extent of an arm; and it is even alleged, though I have not experienced this myself with this medium, that heads and whole bodies have been materialised in this way. Mr. Besterman told you last week of another thing that this medium can do, that is interrupt a beam of invisible infra-red rays, and though flash-light photographs have been taken at the instant this beam has been interrupted, nothing that could have caused the interruption has appeared on the plates.

To return to this very rapid breathing. Doctors would not believe that anyone could breathe at this speed for any length of time, and, they said, if anyone *did* breathe at that rate it would alter the composition



Before a sitting: arrangement of cabinet with curtains drawn back, behind a small table with handkerchief and small bell on it. The medium's chair is on the right, and the infra-red ray apparatus on the two blocks of wood

enable the whereabouts of the medium to be seen, quite apart from the fact that he is held in the way I have described. Next to the controller—that is, the person who holds the medium—is placed another sitter, who with his right hand also holds the medium. Then round in a semi-circle are placed the remaining sitters. This medium always goes into a trance before any phenomenon occurs, and his trance state is very impressive. It takes about two to three minutes from the first indication to the full trance, and in the middle of that period he goes completely limp like a rag doll, and sometimes for nearly three-quarters of a minute does not breathe at all. Then there are more convulsive moments and contortions of his muscles, and suddenly he begins to breathe very loudly and quickly. Our normal rate of breathing is about twelve to fourteen breaths a minute. He has been timed to breathe at the rate of over three hundred breaths a minute when in trance. What is supposed to have happened is that the personality of the medium has left his body and has been replaced by that of a young woman, who calls herself Olga, but who is supposed to be the spirit of Lola Montez, the dancer, who was, a hundred years ago, the mistress of the King of Bavaria. Of course, I am only describing what Olga herself says, and I am not at all implying that this is what really does happen.

In the middle of the circle, and, of course, out of the medium's reach, there is usually placed a small light table, on which are put various small objects, such as a bell, a small musical instrument, and so on. Further back is a so-called cabinet, which is really just an arrangement of black curtains forming a dark space, within which the supernormal force is supposed to collect itself before coming out to produce the phenomena about which I will tell you later. Outside the curtains there is a faint red light. The objects on the table are



Medium being held in position: note the outside grip by the controller's knee—

of the blood. Blood tests have been made, however, and no change at all has been found, so here we have not only a psychical problem but also a physiological problem.

I have said all this about Rudi Schneider simply because he is the medium I happen to have had most experience of. But you must not think for a moment that Rudi Schneider is the only medium who has succeeded in producing phenomena of this sort. On the contrary, there have been, and still are, mediums who claim to produce still more striking and extensive phenomena. One of these is the Polish medium who is known by the name of Kluski. This gentleman's mediumship is very different from that of Rudi Schneider. His trance is more like ordinary sleep and his sittings last only for half-an-hour, or at the most for an hour, while Rudi Schneider's last anything up to five or six hours or more. A large proportion of Rudi Schneider's sittings are totally negative, nothing supernormal happens at all, and you often have to wait hours and hours before you get the slightest phenomenon. In the case of Mr. Kluski, things begin almost at once, come to a climax, and the sitting ends. In the sittings of Mr. Kluski, the sitters simply group themselves round an ordinary table holding each other's hands and those of the medium. On the table are laid things that look like ping-pong bats covered on one side with luminous paint. When the phenomena begin these bats rise and fly about, and in a little while they approach one or other of the sitters and by the light from the luminous surface can be seen the head of what is supposed to be a materialised spirit. The extraordinary thing is that sometimes as many as four or five or more of these heads are alleged to have been seen simultaneously and to have touched people sitting not at all close to each other. Full-size materialisations are said to be quite common with Mr. Kluski, though I have not myself seen them. Unfortunately for psychical research, Mr. Kluski is getting on in years and is disinclined to use his powers for work of a purely scientific nature, preferring to keep them for the consolation of his bereaved friends. He did, however, in 1920 visit Paris and gave some successful demonstrations of his powers under strict test conditions. Amongst those present at these experiments was Professor Charles Richet, the eminent French scientist who has taken an active part in psychical research for a number of years.

Since the beginning of the Spiritualist Movement in 1848, phenomena of this sort have been consistently reported from all over the world. Nor has serious investigation of these things been wanting. Quite a number of eminent men of science have given their attention to these so-called supernormal phenomena. Sir William Crookes, for instance, who was later to become President of the Royal Society, investigated such

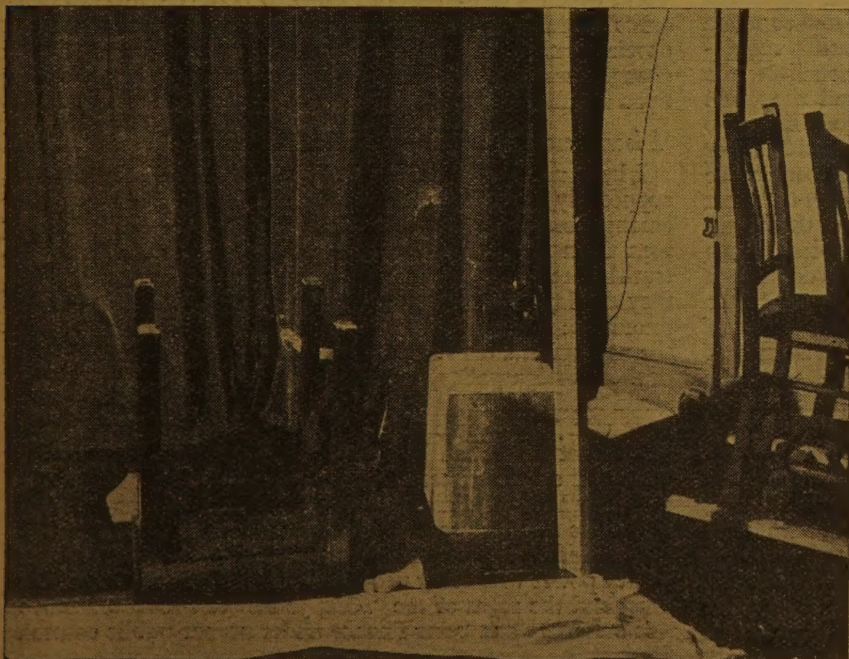
mediums as Florence Cook and D. D. Home as far back as the 1870's. In connection with his work with Home, Crookes devised apparatus, such, for instance, as a lever to which the medium could not have access, but which nevertheless was depressed, in what Crookes regarded as a definitely supernormal manner. Other more remarkable things were said by reliable witnesses to have happened at his sittings, and these often occurred in a brighter light than is usually the case with such mediums.

When he experimented with Florence Cook, Crookes was



A sitting in Paris conducted under special precautions
An additional precaution was taken by interposition of a gauze curtain between the medium (whose chair is seen on right) and the objects to be moved from the table behind the curtain. The photograph shows the scene after the sitting when the tablecloth had been thrown over the gauze curtain; also flowers on the floor at the foot of the pole
By courtesy of the Institut Metapsychique, Paris

satisfied that on many occasions even in his own house a fully formed materialised spirit appeared and walked about the room. He remained convinced of the genuineness of these manifestations up to the time of his death in 1919. Now it is worth noting that Sir William Crookes was quite inclined to think these phenomena were really due to the agency of the spirits of the dead and that, of course, is what spiritualists believe, but there is another theory. Professor Richet, although he believes we are dealing with a force at present unknown to science and clean contrary to all accepted scientific law, holds that it is only a rare sort of mental energy controlled by the mind of the medium, which does not in itself provide evidence for survival. His opinion is shared by many other careful researchers. Yet it would be idle to pretend that we know very much about these things. In my opinion many of the phenomena I have described to you do definitely occur with certain mediums—of that I am convinced, and my conviction on this point is shared by many others who have had the opportunity of investigating them after careful tests under severe conditions. At the same time a great many others who have also had the opportunity of investigating them, do not accept these phenomena, thinking that they are all due to fraud on the part of the medium, or to mal-observation or suggestion on the part of the sitter, or to both. We must admit we have not got very far in our investigation. Our theories are theories only. But we must remember it is only within the last few years that investigation of these phenomena has been proceeding on more scientific lines. Can we rely on the support of orthodox science to help us unravel these mysteries? In the past there has been little indication of any such readiness to help on the part of scientists. At present there are signs of a change of attitude and in the future, perhaps, discoveries of vital interest may be made with their help. What we can claim is that the study of physical mediumship does show that here is a problem awaiting scientific enquiry.



—and after one sitting the table, bell and handkerchief were found as shown here

Whither Britain?—IV

By ERNEST BEVIN

The General Secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union follows Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Winston Churchill and the Dean of Exeter in outlining an individual conception of our national future. Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Lloyd George are to speak later in the series

NO-ONE can deal with such a vast subject as 'Whither Britain?' in half an hour's talk. It is necessary, however, in order to make reasonable assumptions as to the course the nation is travelling, to have a fairly clear idea of the road we have been pursuing since the great upheaval of 1914-18, and to have in one's mind the road one would like the nation to pursue. It has been said that 'the seeds of every great war are sown in the settlements of the previous war', and the road selected by this nation, in common with others at the close of the Great War, is largely responsible for the present chaotic state and the rise of economic nationalism.

The outlook of the British people at the end of the War may be described as war-weary, nerve-strung, yet hopeful that, having spent all this blood and treasure, the leaders of the great nations would bend their energies in the direction of preventing such a catastrophe ever occurring again. Perhaps the greatest handicap from which we suffered was the fact that a large proportion of the best brains of the country had been destroyed, and so the war-soaked minds, hampered by pre-war concepts and war hatreds, settled not Peace, but drew up a Treaty. They did not visualise a new world where equality between the peoples and an adequate opportunity to develop was the essential aim to strive for.

From the day in 1918 when I listened to Mr. Lloyd George at Bristol, I have been under no delusion as to the reaction of the policy he then advocated upon our financial and domestic life. I happened to be a parliamentary candidate at that time and was asked if I would support the policy of making Germany pay. I declined, despite all the feeling of antagonism such refusal created against me. As a democrat seeking the suffrage of democracy I conceived it my duty, irrespective of whether I won or lost, to tell the people the truth and to declare that if they followed the road then suggested, they would find the country saddled with millions of unemployed and faced with starvation within a very few years. My opponents knew this better than I, they knew the exchange system of the world and the basis of international trade, they had held high office; but they traded on the nerve-strung feelings and hopes of the moment, placing a parliamentary majority before the righteous duty of stating the truth.

The Post-War Situation

What was the road the nation decided to take? Reparations, war-debts and a punitive policy on the defeated; the creation of top-heavy States like Austria, which has contributed so much to the instability of Europe and has led us to tariffs, restrictions of international exchange, economic nationalism, the semi-ruination of our great mercantile marine and the worst vices of speculation and usury. It produced a perfect Eldorado to the most sordid and criminal speculators the world has ever seen, the type of citizen who has no regard for the people, the nation, or honour, and who cares not whom he ruins or the effect of his acts on national or international life. Many of them have borne great names, they have been regarded as leaders in the financial and social world; they have influenced and dominated governments. And it has led to a currency war in which the currency, which should be used internationally as a means of settlement of international balances, has become an adjunct of foreign policy and a weapon in an international economic struggle. It has created an erroneous idea in the minds of people in many countries that only by keeping other nations down can one be successful.

I join with Mr. Churchill in regretting that politicians and the Press have resorted to the appeal to panic and the deceiving of democracy by half-truths and untruths. I should have had a greater admiration for him if, when he was returned to Parliament as a result of such methods, he had resigned as a protest against them instead of taking office. I should also have been encouraged if he had put forward some remedy for political dishonesty, especially in view of his expression of faith in democracy. But, instead, he only suggested that the advance-

ment of the people to liberty and freedom of government should be retarded by proposals for strengthening his own class in power through the House of Lords, who, after all, are primarily responsible for a good deal of the trouble from which we are suffering at the moment, and to the sum total of which Mr. Churchill has been no mean contributor.

The position, as I see it, is that all the countries of the world are trying to get off this ruinous road. The difficulty is—they cannot turn back and, at the moment, in their bewilderment, they seem to be trying to avoid the inevitable end—War. In this confused struggle Middle Europe has adopted Fascism; Fascism if persisted in will lead to war and disaster, for it does not offer any solution to the economic problems of the people. Starvation and unemployment increase under it. Its principal weapons are tyranny, corruption, depression of the standard of life, regimentalisation of the people, destruction of freedom and an attempt to stabilise the classes. Such a policy must inevitably lead to atrophy.

Can We Emerge from the Chaos?

What road is Britain trying to take? Amidst all the chaos and difficulty, our leaders—the Foreign Ministers particularly—appear to be walking a tightrope. The reason for this is, we represent a great Empire which controls enormous quantities of raw materials, we have large foreign investments, we are a financial nation, and we are dependent upon world trade, yet at the same time we are attempting to develop economic nationalism at home. It is trying to reconcile the irreconcilable. The measures now being taken are being influenced by two conditions: (1) To find means to substitute the Gold Standard, which is no longer effective to regulate exchanges; (2) To adopt all kinds of marketing and other measures with a view to trying to evade the real solution, which is the social ownership of the important national industries.

Can the nation, therefore, with democratic institutions, successfully emerge from this chaos? I am convinced that if democracy is given the facts upon which to base its judgment without panic, not only shall we find solutions, but we shall lead the world back to free institutions. Therefore, one of the most important things at the moment must be a grim determination to preserve democratic institutions, whether national, municipal or voluntary, for these institutions give stability and provide machinery through which the State can work, which is of tremendous value. It is the only means that exists which allows reasoned thought and opportunity to develop into its rightful heritage, and when it does make changes, makes them by consent, thereby establishing them upon a firm foundation.

'I have no Confidence in the Superman'

I have no confidence in the superman; the limitations of supposedly great men are obvious. I have spent my life amongst ordinary working people; I am one of them. I have seen them faced with the most difficult problems; place the truth before them—the facts, whether they are good or bad—and they display an understanding, ability and courage that confounds the wisdom of the so-called great. Then I consider that the national leaders should frankly state the aims and objects of their foreign policy to our own people. Why are statesmen afraid to tell us? There is no need for secrecy, the people do not want war. The people accept the view that there is room on this planet for us all. The nation is also entitled to a frank statement on the currency problem; for the power to land us into international difficulties and obligations in the name of Britain is wielded secretly behind the scenes. The nation should insist that anything done in her name and with her money power with other peoples should be made public. We must end the reign of the 'King Johns' of Finance, remove this autocracy and bring finance under proper public control. There is no mystery about this money problem to those who know. It is made a mystery deliberately.

For psychological and practical reasons I would invite the nation to give a lead to the world, to cut clear of the controversy of sterling, the dollar, the franc and the yen, and to divide the currencies of the world into two separate categories—the one, international, and the other for internal use. The international should be a world currency and used for the purpose of settling all international obligations. We have the instrument to create it in the Bank of International Settlements. The internal currency should be a national currency. It should be used for the exchange of internal goods, and be managed in such a way as to allow the country to develop to the full, and purchasing capacity to be increased as productive capacity increases.

The next consideration is one of raw materials. I am convinced that the attempt to monopolise raw materials and their development by the concession method is one of the greatest causes of conflict between nations. A bold effort should be made to secure a Convention, signed by the nations, agreeing to bring basic raw materials under national ownership in each State, and the establishment of an international body to regulate the exploitation of such raw materials, with an agreement that any nation desiring industrial development shall have access to the available sources of raw materials on due payment. Also, that output shall be so organised as to meet the legitimate world requirements and maintain a stable price level.

Then there is the question of production and consumption. In addition to taking all possible steps at home I would like to see Britain give a bold lead, through the International Labour Office, for the raising of the standard of living throughout the world. Our national leaders, representing different governments, who have been our spokesmen at Geneva, have been confused and ambiguous; they have displayed a lack of appreciation of the great services to humanity of which this Department is capable. The wages of labour is a big factor in production. The raising of the standard of living internationally would make a tremendous contribution towards getting us out of the world morass. We are now in negotiation with Japan and India in connection with the Cotton Trade, yet if the purchasing power of the masses of India was increased by twopence per head per week the problem of the Indian market would almost vanish. The spindles of Lancashire would be working full-time. We, like other industrial nations, seem to be looking for some mystical market for our goods. The only market that really exists is the masses who produce goods. The accumulation of wealth by individuals does not increase consumption. Therefore, can you visualise the International Labour Conference, not merely debating, but deciding ways and means to enable the people to consume the goods they have produced? This, together with an international currency and the organisation, development and use of basic raw material, would tend to maintain equilibrium throughout the world.

Budget Surplus, but Health Deficit

I now turn to home. Your attitude to problems abroad must be influenced by your attitude to internal problems. Disraeli once said, 'There are two nations, that of the rich and that of the poor'. There is a tendency now to create three nations—the upper classes, the working classes who are actually in work, and the submerged class that is now being definitely sentenced to live on either the Ministry of Health scale, which is 4s. 8d. per man, or the British Medical Association scale of 5s. 10½d. per man, whichever may be accepted—both of them terribly bad, neither of which would be acceptable to the professional classes by whom they have been drawn up. On the other hand, you have the reorganisation of industry, trustification, monopoly, with financial domination, all denying and limiting opportunities, and a general attempt to crystallise these into permanency. In the framing of a domestic policy, we should be influenced by the principles of equality. I recognise there is bound to be diversification in talents and ability, but the scientist who has contributed to civilisation and the worker who has produced the goods are, in my opinion, entitled to a greater position of honour than the financier who exploits the brains, ability and production of others, and I want this equality expressed in every piece of legislation throughout our national life.

We are being congratulated on a balanced Budget and the possibility of a surplus, but if we approach the question of balance correctly we must not do so in terms of money only, but in terms of life, health and opportunity. I do not feel any

enthusiasm when I am told there is a surplus, when I have to set against it such figures as appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* on January 19—that the number of recruits who failed to reach the Army Standard in the case of line regiments for the whole country was 52 per cent., and, in the industrial north—where the cut in unemployment benefit and social services generally has had a most devastating effect—the percentage of failures is 68. One has to set against the balance of money the cost that will have to be borne as the result of such suffering, such as insanity, crime, cost of prisons, curative efforts, etc. This surplus, if used aright, should have been used for the prevention of starvation and provision of work. The Archbishop of Canterbury called our attention to the terrible mortgage handed on to us from the nineteenth century in connection with slums. What a terrible physical and moral mortgage the country is now handing on as the price of a balanced money budget and surplus! This is primarily due to an unfortunate middle-class attitude of mind, which is reflected by those in power.

It may have been necessary recently, under the present chaotic conditions, to vote £375 millions for an Equalisation Fund. It was done without the turning of a hair. It may be lost, no one knows, but it is difficult to understand the leaders of the nation who can do that and, at the same time and in the same Parliament—when their attention is called to children starving, the plight of distressed areas, the undermining of the health of the people, continued unemployment, the destruction of the most valuable asset of the nation—the craft and skill of our people—state that the nation cannot afford to grant the necessary money for the provision of work and the proper sustenance of the people. I repeat, it is purely due to a conception and cannot be justified by fact.

'A Britain that Places Humanity First'

I want a Britain that places Humanity first. Look at the problem of our great municipalities who are left with derelict communities. They must be freed from the restrictions now imposed; they must be given an opportunity to save themselves, to develop industry and the land around, and opportunities for their people. They must not be handicapped by the restrictions which are really imposed by private and monied interests; they must not have to pay ransom to the usurer as a price of developing opportunities for their people. For to satisfy the demands of the usurer in our national life takes from us the largest percentage of our taxation. That is what we cannot afford.

When we approach the problem of education, from the point of view of equality of opportunity and a right to the children of the masses to the best possible chances that life can give, what do we find? We find that as a nation we have contributed a rebate—by the relief of taxation—to the income-tax paying classes, to enable them to keep their children at school. The school-leaving age of the working-class children should be raised, and if the wage of the parents is not of a standard to enable them adequately to feed, clothe and house them, then they are entitled to be supported by the State. There is no difference in principle between granting relief of taxation to the income-tax payer, to assist him in keeping his children at school, and giving a measure of support to those whose income does not reach the income-tax paying standard. You cannot now find full employment for all these children, and many of those who are employed are taken into industry at the age of 14 and discharged at 18, and their lives are wasted and ruined. On the grounds of equality and justice the nation should face up to this problem immediately.

Similarly with pensions. The nation has measured its liability to a skilled craftsman, a miner, and industrial workers generally, at 10s. per week, for which they contribute. This pension is totally inadequate. The nation has provided pensions for judges, civil servants, policemen, teachers, municipal servants and the professional classes. I make no complaint about this, but, on the grounds of equality and justice, similar provision should be made for the miner, the docker, the agricultural workers, textile workers, the great engineering trades and all the others who, after all, run the biggest risk of unemployment during their working life; who are the real victims of industrial depression and feel every blast of international events. They have the greatest struggle, inadequate pay, no security, but yet their skill is the real source of the nation's wealth. Again, with the development of machinery and

rationalisation, should it be left only to the Trade Unionists to tackle, who always struggle and fight on behalf of the workers, generally to adjust hours of labour, etc.? When industry is being reorganised and great changes are effected, the whole problem of the workers' position should be taken into consideration and dealt with adequately, and adjustments made in the hours of labour. Plans for removal and housing and amenities under the new conditions should be dealt with in a proper, orderly and rational way, and the workers should not be left, as at the present time, with their source of livelihood gone, without hope, and as social derelicts.

I want to see a Britain that is constantly considering the development of its own national resources. Why should our land be flooded when we have idle labour? Why should thousands of our villages and many towns be without an adequate water supply? Why should we go to the ends of the earth for the power to drive our industry by oil when we could develop a great national gas grid? Why should we have slums or unfit housing when we possess the best clay, the best slates, tiles and labour, and all the essentials to house our people properly? Why should we have filthy trains to ride in, unhealthy, spreading disease, when we could have a good national transport service? We boast of how we have colonised other countries and developed them. Surely a nation alive to the requirements and aspirations that education and other developments have created in the hearts and minds of the people, should be able to tackle with vigour the problems at home.

I will conclude by saying that I want to see Britain get off

the present road and carve out a new way on the lines I have indicated, which may be summarised as follows: A clear and bold lead for world peace; a definite lead to the world to establish an international currency; a willingness not only to seek equality abroad but to be ready to give it; a bold lead to curb the concession hunters, who are the source of so much mischief, and to bring under public ownership and control, through an international organisation, the essential raw material resources of the world, making them available for human needs and development; a bold step to curb the power and influence of high finance and to relegate speculation to the limbo of the past; I want to see Great Britain join with every nation that it can, and particularly throughout the Empire, to raise the standard of living not only of the white race, but of the great masses of coloured races throughout the world; I want to see the nation strive to shorten the hours of labour, to give full facilities for education, to pension the aged, to balance leisure and toil and afford an opportunity for the development of a wider culture in the arts and crafts, and for the development of travel and knowledge. I know that all this involves the bringing in of great measures of social ownership and the freeing of land, mines and capital from the control of a favoured few. The survival of the fittest of the future will resolve itself not in the nation which can wield best the glittering sword or boast of its most effective poison gas. It will be in the nation which is successful in grappling with the terrible problem of poverty and disease and can boast of a healthy, virile people, economically and politically equal.

Industrial Britain—II

British Industry—the Whole and the Parts

By Professor JOHN HILTON

OF all our industries, that of looking after the home is by far the largest. It engages the full-time, and very often the over-time, services of over ten million wives and mothers and sisters and aunts. Although that part of industry with which I am dealing here is the part in which men and women work for gain at goods and services destined for sale, will you also remember that the home-tending industry has an output of goods and services equal to any half-dozen other industries put together; and that the good running of the home, as a life-making concern, is quite as important as the good running of the factory as a money-making concern?

The next biggest industry is that which takes goods from the place where they are made and hands them over to the customer. I have called it the 'shopkeeping' industry; but it is wider than shopkeeping: the technical term for it is 'distribution'; it includes merchants and agents as well as shop-owners and shop-assistants. That occupies three millions of our people. But is shop-keeping an industry? Certainly. There is too much tendency nowadays to restrict the title 'industry' to activities concerned with the production of tangible things; as though tangible goods were much more important than intangible services. They are not. You may think distribution swallows far too big a slice of the industrial cake and sadly needs rationing or rationalising, but please allow it to be a great industry.

Then there are all those people who make their living in what may be called the personal-service industries outside the home, such as laundries, catering, hotels, boarding houses, amusements and professional work. There are the people engaged in transport, by road, rail, water, and air. There are those engaged in national and local government service; and those in the police and the forces. Hardly any of these are making things that you can wrap up in a parcel and carry home. They are rendering intangible services. The results of their labours cannot be exported, any more than can those of the home-tenders; they are consumed as they are rendered. Now I want you to realise thus early that the service-rendering people working for gain outside the home are fully equal in numbers to those engaged in the production of tangible goods, and are just as important in the national economy.

Now I can come to what are called the 'productive' industries; the industries producing things that you can touch, taste or handle. Out of 18 million people working for gain in Great Britain, 9 million are engaged in the 'productive' industries.

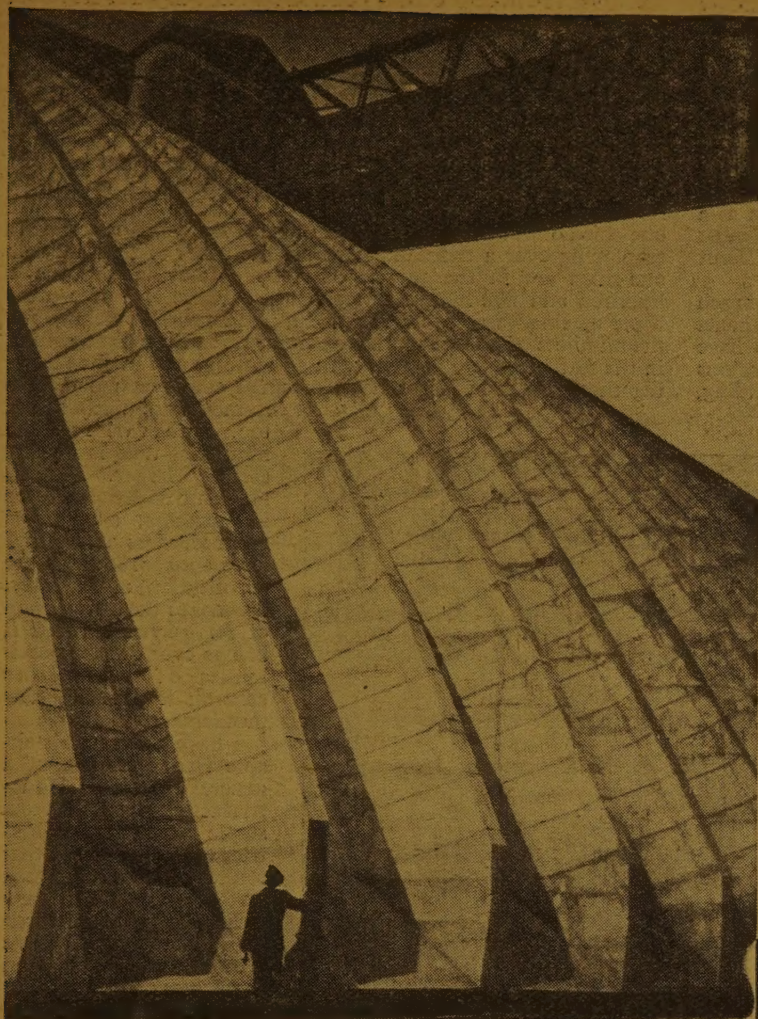
The three largest of these are agriculture, building and contracting, and mining and quarrying. They occupy round about a million persons each. Agriculture, despite its recent hard fortunes, is still the largest of the three. You will notice that I am careful to put agriculture among the industries. I notice a deplorable tendency to talk of 'agriculture and industry'. I beg you to have none of it. These false distinctions make for bad thinking. Agriculture is one of the industries and a great one. But agriculture has been dealt with in a series of talks by Professor Scott Watson; I shall refer to it only in passing. My field is that part of industry which is not agriculture.

Of the nine millions who are engaged in what is called 'productive' industry, about three millions are occupied in the three industries I have named, the other six millions are in what I will call 'manufacture'. That is a loose term; but it conveys the idea of production carried on in rooms, works, mills, factories, shipyards; and it will serve. Its products are shoes and ships and sealing-wax and almost everything else you use or see used except buildings, fuel, and foodstuffs in the raw. With mining, it produces all the material goods that are exported in exchange for what we get from abroad.

In the *Industrial Britain* booklet* there is a diagram showing the relative growth and decline of various industries from 1881 to 1932. I am not going to discuss it in detail: I mention it only to reinforce a plea that when you ponder the position of our industries, you shall not think exclusively of the great time-honoured industries which have suffered of late years a shrinking demand for their products, but shall keep one eye for the industries that have been expanding through all the days of misfortune. A wise man once told me that if you pored over the deaths columns in the papers and omitted to look at the births columns you would get a wrong view of what was happening to the population. In accordance with that safe precept, I beg you to contemplate some industries in which there have been stupendous advances in the last forty or fifty years. Cycles, cars, aircrafts and gramophones will occur to you; as will electrical goods of all sorts, including radio apparatus; but not so readily, perhaps, chemicals, paper and printing, and food manufactures. I have mentioned but a few of those that have been moving up in their order of importance. When people tell you that we shall never again be able to find employment for the whole of our people, reflect upon these things before you reply.

Not only have industries been changing their relative import-

*Published by the B.B.C., price 6d.; post free, 7d.



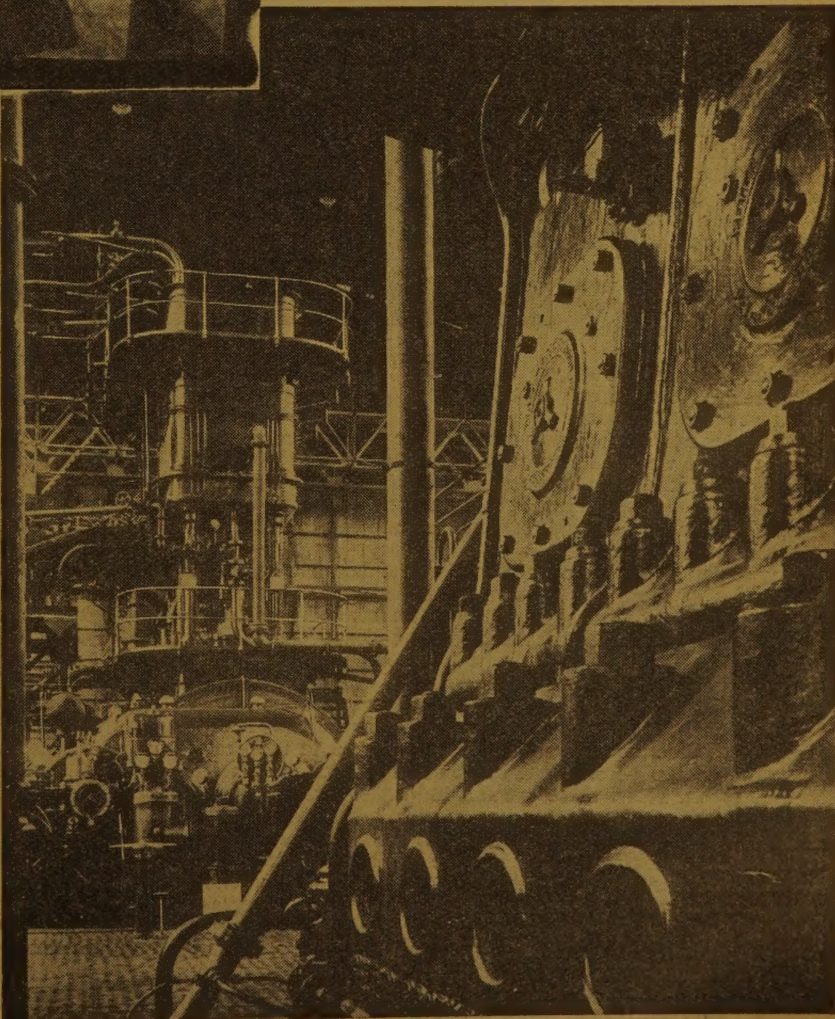
In use by Imperial Chemical Industries: a parabolic concrete silo, of 100,000 tons capacity, used for storing sulphate of ammonia—

ance; so have occupations. The people of Great Britain follow at least 17,000 different occupations, and there have been, in recent times, sweeping changes in the numbers following different occupations. Some of these follow from the uprise of new industries: as, for instance, the vast increases in the numbers of electricians and motor-drivers. Some follow from the displacement of handicraft by machine production. But accompanying and running through all this there has been one great movement: a remarkable increase in the numbers of those who do not work with their hands in the way of direct production, who belong to the office staff and not to the works staff; and an equally remarkable increase in the numbers of those who work not in the making of things but in the handling of them after they are made. In ten years the increase in the numbers of these two classes has been round about a million. Taking the productive industries alone, without the shops, the increase can be reckoned in hundreds of thousands. Planning, organising, supervising, and recording are every year occupying more and more of our industrial personnel. There are those who deplore this; who think it is paid for by money taken from the wages of the productive workers. The employers who increase their organising, controlling, and recording staffs do not think so; and the wages paid to direct producers do not bear it out.

From the Censuses of Production that are taken every five years or so, we know the money value of the net output of the bulk of the 'productive' industries at various dates. I must explain 'net output'. The money value of what is turned out by all these firms includes the sums paid for material and for all sorts of gadgets and components that form part of the finished product. To get the real net value created by the work done in these firms, the

cost of such items must be deducted. What is left is the 'net output'. That is the fund out of which all wages and salaries, and all such charges as rent, maintenance, equipment, depreciation, selling expenses, and so on, have to be provided, as well as profits. I am keeping off figures. You will find them in the *Industrial Britain* booklet. But I want to give you the 'net output' per person employed. It came out, for the whole of the Census industries, at £214 per head in 1924, and at £211 per head in 1930. Ponder those figures from the standpoint of the ability of industry to pay ideally desirable rates of wages. But what I want you particularly to note is that between the two dates the output per head fell by only a trifling amount. Nothing remarkable in that, you say; but it is, on the contrary, very remarkable when you consider that between the two dates the prices of manufactured goods fell by about 17 per cent. Put those two things together, and you cannot avoid the conclusion that between 1924 and 1930 there was a considerable increase in the effective work done per person employed. If it be true, as some figures seem to indicate, that the tonnage and yardage of the goods turned out increased only slightly, then there must have been a substantial move from lower-quality to higher-quality goods. In 'real value' the output per head substantially increased. It is the result of improved skill, more intense application, better machinery, improved processes, more effective organisation. You will not be surprised to know that it was accompanied by a reduction in the number of persons employed in these industries. Fewer employed, turning out the same value of goods. There is much matter for thought in that.

Now I want to say a little more about the changes in the numbers of people actually at work in certain industries. There have just come to hand figures for the ten-year period 1923 to 1933. They are the figures of work-people insured against unemployment. Those in the booklet are for 1932; the ones I give now are for 1933. As compared with ten years ago the numbers at work in the mining industry have fallen to nearly one-half.



—and the large compressors, which compress the mixed nitrogen and hydrogen before entering the converters to make ammonia

Photographs: S. Boyle, F.R.P.S.

Those at work in the manufacturing industries as a whole number just about the same—six millions. But in three groups there have been mighty increases. One of them is building and public-works contracting. The other two I want you particularly to notice. In the ten years there has been an increase of one-third in the numbers at work in the transport and distribution industries, and an even greater increase in what I have called the 'service' industries; altogether an increase in the ten years of half-a-million men and a quarter-of-a-million women.

When I say that the numbers at work in manufacture as a whole have hardly changed at all in the ten years, you must bear in mind that the unchanged total hides vastly different expansions and contractions in particular branches.

Electrical wiring and contracting, for instance, has much more than doubled its personnel in that short period. Artificial stone and concrete has nearly doubled its personnel; so have artificial silk, entertainments and sports, and the motor 'bus services. On the other hand, pig-iron manufacture, shipbuilding, and marine engineering all employ less than half the numbers they employed in 1923. I am quoting extreme examples. They will give you an idea of the kind of change that has been taking place. New products and new activities, made possible by science and invention, forging ahead. Dogs and cinemas booming. But the old staple products of our export trade suffering heavily from the disorganisation of the world.

As we know now, though we did not fully appreciate it then, we were getting along pretty well, considering our peculiar national circumstances, up to the autumn of 1929, when the world suffered its second great post-War collapse. The numbers of our people at work fell headlong through 1930 and remained at a fearfully low level for two-and-a-half years. The tide turned in the spring of last year. We had then reached a point at which the numbers at work were actually less, despite the increase in population, than they had been ten years earlier. In the booklet I conjectured that the numbers at work last month were at least 4 per cent. greater than ten years ago. I am glad to see from the official figures now available that I was understating the improvement. So far as I can judge now it is more in the region of 6 per cent. We must expect the usual set-back just at this moment, following on the Christmas trade, but I see no reason for doubting that the improvement will continue.

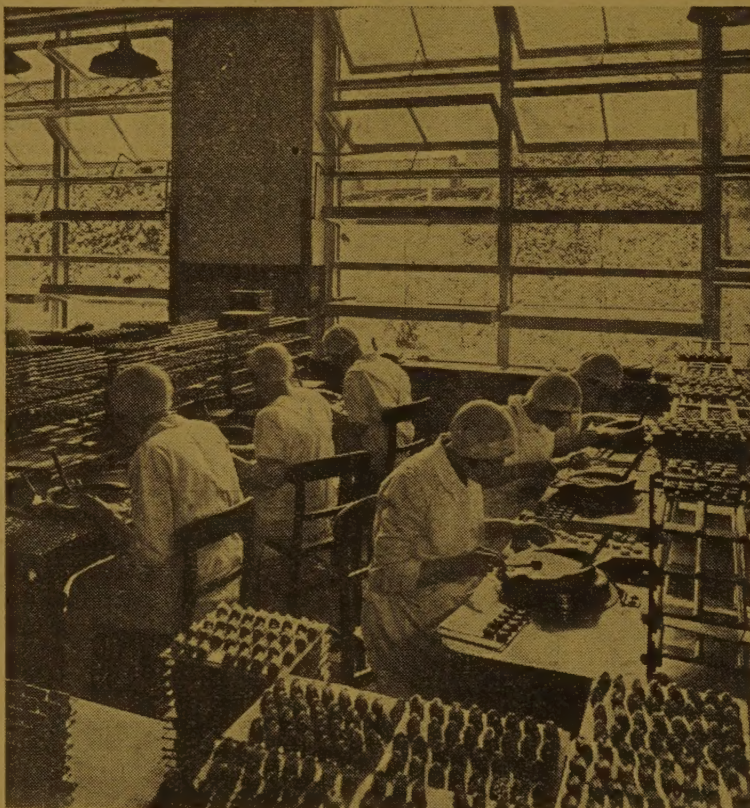
Many of you have been concerned over the fact that while the employment of men and boys has declined, there are more women and girls at work. I agree that that has been true, and that it was perturbing; but I want you not to misconstrue the facts. They do not necessarily mean that women and girls have been taking the jobs of men and boys. You will know cases in which that has happened; but I want to tell you that such cases do not amount to much, all told. As you will have already noted, the greatest reductions in employment have been in the heavy industries—coal, pig-iron, steel, shipbuilding, marine engineering, and so on. Now, these are the industries which employ almost entirely men. On the other hand, a great many of the industries that have expanded have been those suitable for the employment of women, such as making radio sets, photographic apparatus, laundry work, hotel and restaurant work, shop tending, and the making of prepared foods. Again, the increase in clerical work in all the industries provides openings for women. That is why the numbers of women in industry, relative to men, have increased. But if the heavy industries were working full tilt the present preponderance of women in industry would disappear. It is not, in the main, that women have been taking men's jobs, but that the jobs women do best have increased in number, while those which only men can do well have declined. I think it will right itself without the kind of action that is sometimes suggested, that of ordering women out of industry and

putting men to their work. I hope our women will not stand for legislation of that kind, if ever it should be proposed.

The next change I want to remark upon is nothing new; it has been going on for a century and more. It is the ever-increasing size of the typical industrial concern. Some people, according to their bent, think of industry as a collection of small firms dotted here and there with big ones; others think almost entirely of big establishments. There is information on this point for the manufacturing, mining, and building industries. As regards these I will make two round statements; one is that one-third of our workpeople are in the service of giant concerns employing over a thousand persons; the other is that another one-third are in the service of firms employing between a hundred and five hundred workpeople. There are, of course, hosts of small employers in building and manufacturing, but the numbers of workpeople they employ do not amount to much in the full tale of employment. In agriculture and in shopkeeping there are even larger hosts of small employers; but their

numbers are diminishing, too. Everywhere the industrial unit is getting steadily larger. This is linked up with the increase in planners, supervisors and recorders of which I have spoken. It alters the constitution of industry; it changes the complexion of its government; it brings ever greater possibilities of conscious control; it presents new problems.

I have given unmistakable indications of a general change of industrial activity from the great staple productive industries to the industries that render services consumed on the spot, and to the new industries that research and invention have created. You have seen that it was connected with the decline in the export industries; that the change was in part from working for the export market to working for the home market. A word now about our foreign trade. Allowing for the change in the worth of money, our exports now are not much more than half in value what they were before the War; and it is the old staple industries (coal, cotton, woollens, iron and steel, and ship-



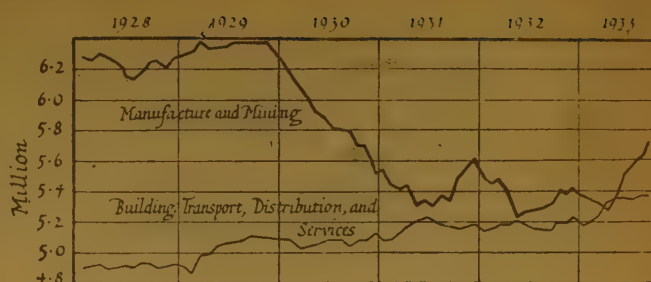
Chocolate-covering in Messrs. Cadbury's factory at Bournville

building) that have suffered the heaviest decline. Even in the export trade, increases in the volume of the new types of goods have helped up what would otherwise have been a greater all-over reduction. Whatever records you look at tell the same story. One-third of the people engaged in British industrial production used to be working on goods for export; now the proportion is one-fifth. Before the War one-third of our industrial products went abroad, now only one-fifth. But do not think we are singular in this. We are not; it is a world malady. It has three main causes; the constriction, the world over, of the will and the means to buy industrial products; the development of manufacture in previously non-industrial countries; and the fantastic desire on the part of governments to export more and import less, while demanding repayment of debts. These things have baulked and half-strangled international trade. In view of our exposed position we have done pretty well, I think, to have suffered no greater reduction than the average.

I have conversed with people who had invented a new bugbear, and were badly scared at the thing their fears had created. They were afraid that we were heading for a time in which our exports would not suffice to pay for the goods that we must at all costs have from abroad. That seems to me an odd fear to entertain at a time when all nations are seeking to thrust their products upon any country that will let them in; when the world's greatest unmarketable surplus is in foodstuffs and raw materials. Yet there is, I admit, an accountancy side to the matter; if we were compelled to import much and were only able to export little we should get into debt. Then let those who tremble at this possibility take heart. It so happens that British goods are exchanging with goods from abroad on increasingly favourable

terms. The prices we pay for our imports have fallen much more than the prices we get for our exports. And if account is taken of the shipping, commercial, financial and other services which we render to other countries—the 'invisible exports'—we are now importing all our essential requirements without incurring an adverse balance of trade. Anyone who just now worries himself on that point wants something to worry about.

A word now on the earnings of our workpeople. I have given the leading figures in the booklet. The average earnings of men at work in mines and factories are about 64s. a week; the average earnings of women factory workers are about 33s. a week. That is for men and women of 21 and over; the average for boys and girls is of course less. For office and shop workers the average is about £5 a week for men and £2 a week for women. Now these averages cover enormous differences as between one industry or occupation and another. The differences—high rates here and low rates there—are not to be explained, or explained away, by any 'economic law'. They certainly do not reflect the varying deserts of one class of worker as against another. The low wages that I have come across here and there in my travels are the result of custom, weakness of organisation, petty exploitation, and neglect by the State, quite as much as they are the effect of economic forces blindly operating. I think we shall move, and rightly move, towards a greater uniformity in wage-levels. I think there will have to be an extension of the field over which it is not permitted to employ workpeople at less than certain minimum rates.



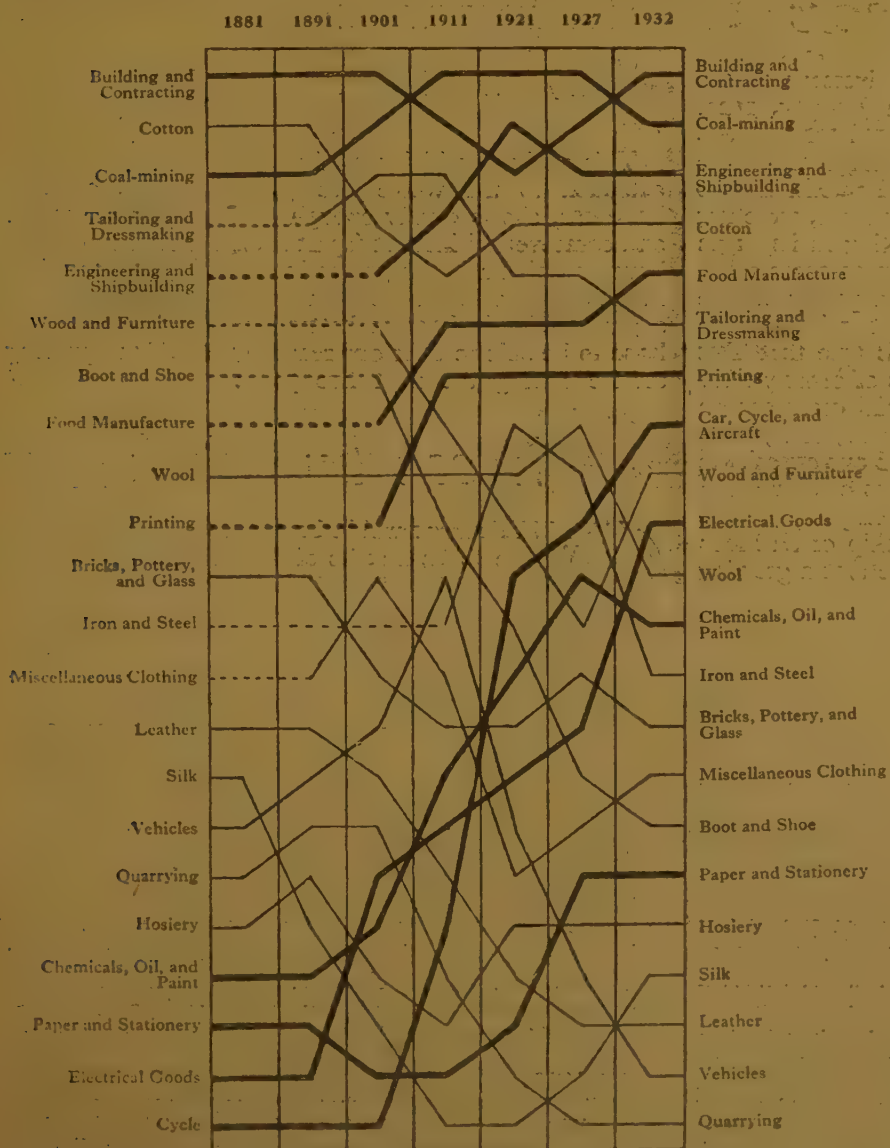
Increase and decrease in employment

received will buy 15 per cent. more of the things on which the bulk of working-class income is spent than in 1924. Some people regard this as one of the major causes of unemployment. I do not. It is a question to which I have had to give a great deal of attention. I think we owe our immunity from the appalling breakdown that happened in the United States in some part to the stability of the wage-level. Moreover, do not draw from that 15 per cent. increase in real wages the too hasty conclusion that the wage-earner is receiving a larger share of the net product of industry than he or she did a few years ago. In the meantime, there has been a substantial increase in the output per worker. I have put it at between 10 and 15 per cent. There has also been a great cheapening of raw material in terms of finished goods. As nearly as I can judge, the increase in the 'real wages' (that is, what the money will buy) is just about equal to the increase in the real value of the output of those who draw the wages. The speeding up of production against a falling demand has meant an addition to the numbers unemployed; but that is another story upon which, for the moment, I am not embarking.

From the facts I have given you, one broad impression emerges. It is of a decline in the great staple industries which formerly worked so largely for export, accompanied by an increase in the output of goods and services for home consumption. I want to put this question to you. Are we to stand aghast at this change in the direction of our labours, and seek at any sacrifice to reverse the trend; or are we to look on it with a curious and friendly eye as a healthy adaptation of our national economy and our national habits of life to a changing international mentality and order?

A philosopher in facetious mood once spoke of certain islanders as 'living by taking in each other's washing'. That phrase has worked more mischief to economic thinking than any other I know. In any discussion of the things about which I have been talking, someone is sure, sooner or later, to say: 'Ha ha! I see, living by taking in each other's washing'; and from that moment sense flies out of the window and nonsense holds the floor. Even here, in Great Britain, nine-tenths of us live by exchanging our services with those of others at home. Our export trade is of first-class importance. Our export industries are in good trim for a rapid expansion as and when world conditions allow. From what I have seen and heard I believe that in whatever is going we shall have an increasing share. But if the national policies which are paralysing world trade should continue, let us not throw up our hands and cry that never again shall we find employment for our people. I have told how, hardly knowing it, we have absorbed during the depression some hundreds of thousands of workpeople into trades catering

for the home market. I have seen great factories and works adjusting themselves in the same way to the demands of the home market. All that is, to my mind, a notable adaptation. If it should prove that still further adaptations along the same line are called for, the facts I have been stating afford ground for believing that they can and will be made.



Growth and decline of industries during the past fifty years

What I have just said referred to the lower wage-levels. If you survey industry as a whole you will find that the wage-earner who is in full work (I emphasise that) has done pretty well during the depression. Since 1924, wage-rates, throughout industry generally, have fallen by only 5 per cent., while the cost of living has fallen by 20 per cent. The average money wages



The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.I. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C. Yearly Subscription rates (including postage): Home and Canada, 17s. 4d.; Foreign, 19s. 6d. Shorter periods, pro rata.

After Five Years

THIS week marks the fifth anniversary of the founding of THE LISTENER in January, 1929. It will be recalled that until THE LISTENER was published, the broadcast talks, though they were open to reproduction by any interested publisher who chose to make arrangements with the authors, were not regarded as good 'copy'. By demonstrating in its pages the wealth of interest which lay hidden in these talks, THE LISTENER has therefore provided a public service subsidiary to that of broadcasting but calculated to strengthen its cultural significance. It is true that THE LISTENER lacks one of the chief features of other weekly journals, in that it refrains from editorial comment on politics and current controversy. Nevertheless, this handicap itself has some advantages; and our experience shows that there are considerable sections of thoughtful people to whom avoidance of emphasis on party politics and admitted abstention from partisanship of all kinds make a special appeal. It is also possible that a growing pictorial sense (fostered unconsciously, perhaps, by the cinema) and an eagerness to be kept abreast of the widest possible range of knowledge (including science, art, religion, music and history) are responsible for the appreciation and support which THE LISTENER has received from its readers and which has enabled it to become firmly established.

To celebrate the occasion of this anniversary, we offer our readers an illustrated survey of some of the outstanding features of British broadcasting, incidentally answering certain criticisms of the working of the British system lately published in America, which of themselves may interest our readers. Among these have been one or two directed at THE LISTENER, of which we may take as example the following observations of a well-known publicist:

The British Broadcasting Corporation reprints its talks into a weekly magazine called THE LISTENER. While in London this last spring and summer I perused four successive copies of THE LISTENER. I read one hundred and thirty-four pages. One hundred and twenty-one of these pages were given to things such as the history of human slavery, the history of the growth of human humaneness, the technical developments of science, the technical problems of agriculture, the technical problems of finance, the recent exploits of the spades and pickaxes of archaeologists, and the recent experiments of designers of buildings and towns and chairs and tables. Five pages—just five—were given to the genuinely contemporary economic and political struggles of the International Monetary and Economic Conference then actually in session in London. Eight pages—just eight—were given to political issues on the European con-

tinent. And no pages—just none—were given to political issues in Britain.

These remarks appear to refer to the contents of THE LISTENER during the summer of 1933. In order to show how dangerous it is, even for an eminent publicist, to generalise from scanty knowledge, we have made an analysis of the contents of THE LISTENER for the first six months of 1933, showing that a total of 871 pages of text (without reckoning the space taken by illustrations) was divided as follows between 22 main subjects:

	Pages
Books and Literature	135
Politics and Current Affairs	78
Science	75
Art	67
History and Biography	58
Religion	54½
Foreign Affairs	54
Farm and Garden	47
Economics	41
Drama	41
Letters	39
Music	33
Sociology	32
Travel	26
Broadcasting	15
Essays	15
Archæology	15
Political Institutions	12½
Psychology	10
Short Stories	10
Films	8
Poetry	5
	871

This analysis, which would produce similar results if extended to the whole five years' contents of THE LISTENER, shows clearly enough that subjects of topical and controversial interest (apart from editorial comment) have occupied a leading place in our columns as well as in the programme of talks from which they originated. As a journal should become better the longer it lives, we hope to be able to offer our readers a steadily improving service during the next five years.

Week by Week

ON February 1 will be broadcast the first of what may prove to be a series of dramatic presentations of famous trials. 'The King's Tryall', written and produced by Peter Creswell, deals with what for every Englishman must be the most dramatic and symbolic trial in history, that of King Charles I. It is not a play in the ordinary sense, but an attempt to reconstruct, with as much veracity as possible, an actual occurrence. Thus the speeches of the leading characters will have documentary evidence to support them, and every effort will be directed towards an impartial presentation. But the truth cannot be rendered entirely through the arguments of the principal antagonists, the King and his judge, Bradshawe, and so an attempt will be made to reproduce the psychological state of the country at the time and the ferment in the minds of the judges, as expressed in their commonplace as much as in their legal comments. A sort of chorus of interlocutors will describe the scene in between the speeches—as they might have done, for example, had broadcasting been invented in the seventeenth century. But there will be no attempt to create a false glamour. Impartiality alone should be a valuable corrective to the impressions created by the Whig historians. It should allow us once more to test the state of our sympathies, which on this great issue are liable to be strangely muddled. 'It is a fancy of mine', Mr. Richard Aldington has written, 'that the war between the King and Parliament is still waged in the minds of some of us, that the issue was not really settled that cold January morning on the scaffold at Whitehall. There could be no other end, and the Parliament were right, and by their victory we gained many valuable things; but the sweep of that axe killed more than the

King: it killed the gaiety and the music and the rich sensuality of the English people. And all the Restoration carousing could not bring back the something that was killed'. It is an issue of this sort that most of us have in mind, between a 'right' that repels as much as it attracts, and a 'wrong' not without its nobility and picturesqueness.

* * *

That unemployment need not and should not mean a period of idle waiting for a job is now a well-accepted truth. But it is too much to expect every workless man to set to and discover his own way of turning his enforced leisure to worthy account. His lack of income is a sorry handicap. That is why all those who have to deal with unemployment—the Ministry of Labour, the voluntary agencies and many of the Public Assistance Committees—have now for some years been creating genuine opportunities (some voluntary, some compulsory) for training, education and occupation. The results have been wholly good and thousands of diffident trainees have revealed latent capacities for arts and crafts which neither they nor anyone else knew they possessed. This has never been more clearly proved than by the show of work done by the able-bodied clients of the London Poor Law lately held at the County Hall. Dozens of the exhibits show real talent for pictorial work and handicrafts. The posters and sign-writing made a brave show and had obviously given real pleasure in the making. Perhaps they also prove that our advertisement hoardings, which are the only public picture gallery most people ever see, serve, at any rate, one good purpose, if they preserve the spark of creative artistic feeling in the humblest of our fellow-citizens. Then there were the creditable tailoring jobs done by labourers or fitters' mates, the metal-work, and the fifteen-linked chain beautifully cut out of a three-foot block of wood by an ex-baker. All these men were trainees, who were required, during the receipt of out-relief, to attend one or other of the thirty special centres opened by the L.C.C., usually in old school premises. Some had only attended for a few weeks, others for six months on end. No doubt some of them had at the outset accepted the condition of training reluctantly enough, but it is beyond question that all the exhibitors at this display gained and knew they had gained something of lasting value from their experience.

* * *

As (perhaps with a little malice) we suggested in these columns at the beginning of the Great Hiking Boom, this particular fashion is dying down—as a fashion. Those who started hiking simply because the newspapers bullied them into it have now for the most part stopped. But the craze certainly had its merits, for it produced benefits that will continue to advantage the real walker long after the sham hiker has taken to a tandem. Such are the Youth Hostels, which, in the third year of their existence, are flourishing and progressive, with 200 hostels and a membership of 17,000 as against the 64 hostels of 1931. And the Youth Hostels Association is now about to enter a new stage of development, with the grant from the Carnegie Trustees for demonstration hostels to be erected in each region in England—the Trustees contributing so much if the region succeeds in finding the balance. The London region will be the first to build in accordance with the Trustees' stipulations, and it is well on the way to raising the necessary £2,000; a site has now been chosen at Shere, between Holmbury St. Mary and Sutton, with two sides on to Shere Common. The design—which, as the others will be, has been approved both by the Trustees and the C.P.R.E.—shows a thoroughly sensible, functional and up-to-date building, with nothing at all of the inconvenient and olde-worlde atmosphere that is so often (and wrongly) associated with the Open Road, Wind on the Heath, etc. There is to be a plain, almost severe, exterior of local brick. Inside is an entrance hall, where maps on the walls are brought into the general scheme of decoration; and a huge wide-windowed common-room, panelled in Australian hardwood to save wear and tear of paint and paper. The men's and women's dormitories have 24 beds each—built-in, as is most of the furniture; and, a pleasant touch, two of the men's will be 6 ft. 2 in. instead of the standard 6 ft., to accommodate particularly high hikers. Another useful feature is the drying-room. The cost to members will be the standard one for all Youth Hostels—a shilling a night for accommodation, with facilities for buying food cheaply and cooking it on the spot; the hostel kitchen will also supply meals at low charges. The whole

hostel is severely practical, and, as such, very much in keeping with the people who will use it. For what chiefly differentiates our walkers from the German Wandervögel, who love to go about in droves of 30 and 40, is that they are strongly individualistic, preferring small groups rather than large gangs, liking to use the hostels without labelling themselves Youth Movement. The Association, in fact, aims at providing the same sort of service for its members as, say, the Automobile Association does for motorists—supplying practical needs, and making no sentimental demands.

* * *

Splendid as the general effect of English portrait painting at Burlington House undoubtedly is, it is possible to think of many distinguished absentees. This is due to the predilection which American collectors, both public and private, have for English portraits. Many English paintings have found their way into American museums. The Metropolitan Museum of New York has, for example, no less than fourteen works by Reynolds, while the Boston and Cleveland museums and the Chicago and Detroit Institutes of Arts possess many others. But the appeal of English painting to private collectors in America, such as Magan, Widener, Frick and Huntington, has been even greater. Henry Huntington limited his activities in picture collecting almost entirely to English portraits of the eighteenth century. In his great library at San Marino, California—which he has now bequeathed to the nation—he assembled an impressive collection of great English ladies and gentlemen. Thither it was that, mourned by the English press, Gainsborough's 'Blue Boy' was transported a few years ago. More serious to the English connoisseur was the loss of the same painter's wonderful portrait of Garrick. Reynolds is represented there by what is perhaps his masterpiece, the portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse. Almost every great English portrait painter of the eighteenth century has a canvas there, the whole forming one of the completest collections of its kind in existence. They are housed in a fine mansion, surrounded by green lawns and deciduous trees, reminiscent even in the bright Californian sunlight of an English mansion with its park. It is interesting to speculate how much the American interest in our portrait painting is due to its historic associations, to an admiration for the form of society suggested by the fine romantic figures of a Gainsborough. This would certainly account for their comparative neglect of the more virile, coarser work of Hogarth and Rowlandson, both more thoroughly men of the eighteenth century than either Gainsborough or Reynolds. But with the abundance of fine material at present assembled at Burlington House, it would be ungracious to pursue our comments on the American acquisitions to the point of envy.

* * *

A Birmingham correspondent writes: On February 15, Birmingham Repertory Theatre celebrates its coming of age. It sprang out of the Pilgrim Players, whose first play, 'The Interlude of Youth', had been produced by Barry Jackson and Father Pinchard in 1907. The theatre was opened in 1913 with a performance of 'Twelfth Night'. Sir Oliver Lodge, who was then Principal of the University of Birmingham, welcomed the new venture, and Barry Jackson read a poem which John Drinkwater had written for the occasion. Plays by Lancelotti Abercrombie, John Masefield, John Drinkwater, Gordon Bottomley and Eden Phillpotts have had their first performance at the theatre, and among productions of special note have been the premiere of 'Abraham Lincoln', the first English performance of Bernard Shaw's 'Back to Methuselah', and the opening of a short season of opera with Rutland Boughton's 'The Immortal Hour', which was afterwards taken to London. In a recent address to the Birmingham Repertory Playgoers Sir Barry Jackson took stock of the Repertory's ideals and achievements. He claimed that it had been a creative theatre, encouraged authors and artists, and gathered a responsive audience; if it had not done as much as it hoped to keep the classics alive, that had been due to the financial bogey and the fact that present-day audiences for the most part regarded the classics as dead, but the production of Shakespearean plays in modern dress had done something to remove that notion. The Birmingham Repertory Theatre has an increasing place in broadcasting in that it was the first in the country to equip a studio expressly for this new medium of the arts.

British Art—III

Sculpture

By R. M. Y. GLEADOWE

THE history of British sculpture is much bound up with that of our architecture. The Early English of the thirteenth century is essentially a sculptural style. But our sculpture goes much further back than that.

A broken relief of a clothed figure from a cross at Reculver in Kent dates as far back as the seventh century. This seems to be in the East Christian or Byzantine style, but it is better than anything of the same date and the same kind from elsewhere. This relief is unique: but there are a number of Northumbrian

and other North British crosses carved with linear reliefs of knots, plants, animals, birds and figures, of the seventh and eighth centuries. These, though well designed, are comparatively crude work, being little more than line drawings with the backgrounds sunk. The figures have some relief, but lack life or grace. They are assumed to be by Greek craftsmen working in this country: but it may be that the most vital elements in them are more Northern than Byzantine, and the much finer work of the North English illuminators of the same date suggests that perhaps the chief Greek thing about them is the type of the figures, which suited the illuminator's taste and skill even worse than the carver's. The skill of native bronze-workers in fine linear relief was certainly greater than that shown in these crosses. The Anglo-Saxon genius for line worked more readily in the flat, in metal-work and book-decoration; and the earliest English carvings, from the seventh to the eleventh centuries, often seem clumsy attempts to translate such fine work into the inflexible medium of stone. Those of these early carvings which—in the energetic, purely linear manner of the Viking shipwrights—show least attempt at full relief, tend to be most successful. About the early eleventh century, however, a much more solid kind of figure relief appears, akin in its simple rigidity to Saxon stone buildings. To this century is often assigned the very perfect stone relief of the Virgin and Child, in the purest Christian manner, at York Minster, with its subtle modelling, and suave linear rhythms, suggesting ivory technique. A few small bone and ivory carvings survive, which may perhaps be pre-Norman.

Anglo-Norman architecture did not involve sculpture—certainly figure-sculpture. Its ornament reverts often to a surface decoration, of borders, capitals and shafts, by repeats of geometrical line: but it breeds a sense of bold solidity, of mass,

which suggested sculptural treatment in full relief, with emphasis on the main volumes and contours of heads and limbs and little subtlety of minor linear rhythm. But the energy of Saxon draughtsmanship—at its best in the second great period of Winchester illumination—flung movement into the rigidity of Norman Romanesque. The figures on the imported fonts, of Tournai 'touch', have none of the vital rhythms of the Twelve Apostles at Malmesbury Abbey, of nearly the same date. But Norman architecture has little use for the re-

finements of our earlier linear style: where it employed line it was still the violent contorted line of the Viking.

This early history is, perhaps, the more interesting because it is so uncertain. From now on dates and facts are more fixed, and guess-work less necessary. Out of Anglo-Norman developed Early English, of the very essence of which is its sculptural enrichment of figures and ornaments. Sculptured architecture is by no means confined to England, but it is worth noting that when the time came for it, English carvers showed that this was not an art they need learn from antiquity, the East or even France. English mediæval sculpture is of the soil.

It came, by one of those odd turns of history, most of all from a little barren island of downs and cliffs and distant views, the Isle of Purbeck. For Purbeck had a ten-mile vein of fine shelly 'marble' of just our English taste in deli-



Norman door of Kilpeck Church (twelfth century)

cate figure and dun-coloured sobriety; and easy access to the quays of a secure harbour. It may have belonged to the King: at any rate Purbeck marble was in great demand, not only for figures and ornaments ready-carved, but for slender polished shafts and richly moulded capitals, stringers, bases and other details, sent by sea. In this remote peninsula was born and grew up our lovely early English sculpture. Carving in freestone—Doulting, Chilmark, Ancaster, Caen and so on—was no doubt worked on the job, as part of the structure of new buildings; and gradually shop-centres started where 'images' were made to order or for stock, in stone and marble and alabaster, as well as ivory, bone, bronze and other metals. By 1400 London had captured the Purbeck trade for the whole country and a trade in alabaster figure-work for export also. But local styles and centres continued with a steady output of cheaper pieces in freestone and wood.

The strongest demand was for recumbent figures for tombs. Tombstones had started in the Anglo-Irish and



Angel of the Annunciation in Westminster Abbey (c. 1252)

From the catalogue of the Exhibition of English Medieval Art, 1930 (Victoria and Albert Museum); by permission of the Controller, H.M. Stationery Office

Viking styles as plain slabs, incised with linear symbols, lettering, and, later, figure drawings. The purely linear figure monument lived on for centuries in our splendid series of brasses on wall and floor. But the carvers gradually cut back the ground, and increased the relief of the figure and its details until by the middle of the thirteenth century, the effigies are fully 'in the round'. In spite of destruction and neglect, we still have over two thousand of these monuments, over one hundred and fifty in Essex alone. They constitute our strongest claim to sculptural eminence. For four centuries the fine tradition held, ignoring or rejecting the alien modes which finally supplanted it. Types rather than portraits of English kings, queens, priests, statesmen, knights and ladies, they share in cathedral, chantry and parish church the dignity and the equality of death, a broadcast memorial to a great national ideal. In the long straight folds of their robes, the waving parallels of their neat hair and mail, the clean and

sinewy contours of limbs and hands, the full volumes of trunks and armour, the soaring, leaping, flamelike lines of arch and pinnacle seem laid to rest in peace. Here surely was an English art.

But already early in the sixteenth century Italian monuments were being made in this country by indifferent Italians: and from now onwards the subtle poison of the new classical taste slowly filtered through. The prostrate dignity of death dissolves into reclining, sprawling, lurching, swaggering, gesticulating action, in periwig, panoply, toga, himation, or less. Instead of dapper, serviceable Angels, the other blowsy Virtues perch heavily with Patience on our monuments. Soon the annals of our sculpture are filled with the names of Dutchmen, Frenchmen, Italians and Danes, all trained in Rome to work in foreign marbles. Nor any longer does an English name mean English taste and training. Stone learnt from a Dutchman in Holland, and married his daughter; Gibbons was half Dutch; Bird was studying in Brussels at ten and in Rome at nineteen had forgotten his own language. Bushnell in Venice beat the Italians at their own game. Of the better known Englishmen only Bacon seems never to have left England; but his native sense was forced by the veto of Reynolds to 'chop a bust' of Dr. Johnson in more (or less) than classical undress.

Again, as with architecture and painting, the full flood of the Renaissance did not reach us direct. Until the nineteenth century our sculptors seem unaware of Donatello and the della Robbias; Michelangelo's sculpture was discovered direct by



Figure of 'The Church' from the Judgment Porch, Lincoln Cathedral (late thirteenth century)

From 'Medieval Figure Sculpture in England', by Prior and Gardiner (C.U.P.)



Sculptures in the church at Great Brington, Northants (late sixteenth century)

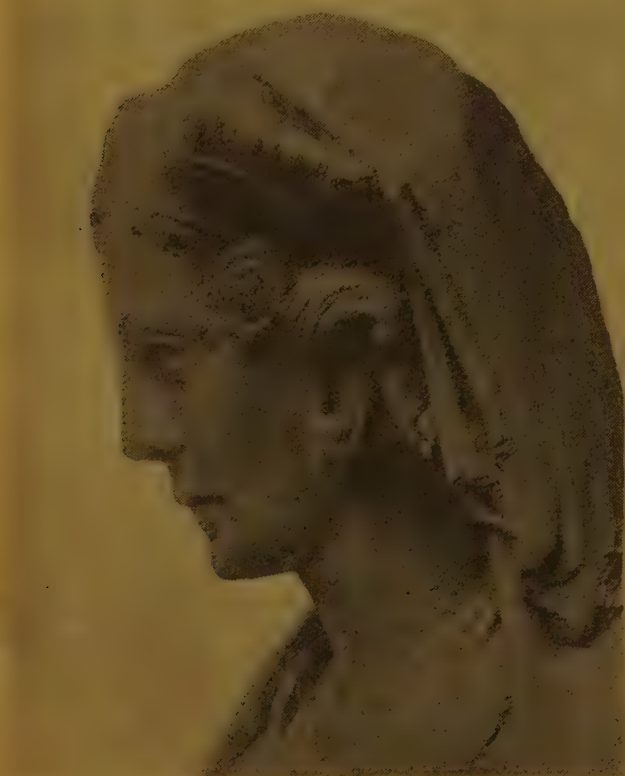
B. T. Batsford, Ltd.

the greatest of his pupils, Alfred Stevens. In the seventeenth century the influence of Rome meant mainly the influence of contemporary Italian taste, the baroque. By the middle of the next century it meant rather the antique—first Roman, then Roman-Greek. Under the Greek revival an art of 'scenic

monuments', 'more theatric than sepulchral'—an art quite alien to English artists, though calling for all our craftsmen's skill, and now as then intriguing our connoisseurs—is gradually replaced, according to the taste of the architect who often 'designed' and took credit for the monument, by a purer alien idiom, the 'Attic' of Flaxman, Banks and Chantrey. The accent is nearer the authentic English; it is severely linear; and Greek Flaxman was hailed by 'Gothic' Blake, and indeed went Gothic himself in later life.

But while Constable was studying the hedgerows, Turner the seas and skies of England, and Blake the very tombs from which they might have learnt, our Academic sculptors—and by now there were no others—forgot the vernacular as travelling scholars in Rome, or refreshed their native sense of physical perfection by an occasional glance at grimy casts of Roman copies of the Greek, or Roman models who 'smelt of mortality'. Their late discovery of the Italian Renaissance taught our sculptors little but further possibilities of romantic realism. And if today they find their kin rather in Indian, African, Chinese, Cambodian, Etruscan, Egyptian and early Greek, it is perhaps because they recognise that our native sculpture is of this same world-wide family, creating forms and rhythms with a value independent of meaning or any reference to a life beyond their own.

Anyone interested in the movement toward better films cannot afford to miss the new (Winter) number of *Sight and Sound* (price 6d.) This magazine has now become the official organ of the new British Film Institute, 4, Great Russell Street, London, W.C. 1; and the new number gives a detailed account of the work of the Institute during its first three months, as well as its plans for the future. Features of the issue are an analysis by a costume expert, of the historical detail of the new British film 'The Private Life of Henry VIII'; a review of the important experiment with films in schools lately conducted by the Glasgow Education Authority; the first of two articles on Propaganda by Film, by John Grierson; and a discussion of News Films and their Public by the Managing Director of British News Theatres: Paul Rotha surveys the Films of the Quarter; and the latest projector apparatus is reviewed in the technical section. The annual subscription to *Sight and Sound* is 2s. 6d. post free, or 3s. post free abroad.



Head of Queen Margaret, from Lincoln Cathedral (late fourteenth or early fifteenth century)

Photograph: S. Smith, Lincoln

British Art at South Kensington

Like the British Museum, whose exhibition we illustrated last week, the Victoria and Albert Museum has arranged a show of English art, selected from its permanent collection, which supplements and amplifies the exhibits at Burlington House. We reproduce some of the objects now on view



Sheldon Tapestry: 'The Prodigal Son' (early seventeenth century)



Chelsea porcelain: the Carpenter (c.1755)



Fulham pottery: 'Lydia Dwight dyed March 3, 1673'. Portrait of his daughter made by John Dwight



Ivory bust of George I by David Le Marchand (eighteenth century)



Staffordshire pottery: Mother and Child, possibly modelled by J. Bacon (c. 1780)



Lead statuette of Matthew Prior, by L. F. Roubiliac (eighteenth century)



Royal Arms of England, as borne by Queen Anne, in rolled paper-work coloured and gilt (early eighteenth century)



Firedog in bronze and enamel (late seventeenth century)

Foreign Affairs

Actions and Reactions in European Affairs

By VERNON BARTLETT

IF you interfere with the natural course of a stream by building a dam across it, you are apt to get yourself into trouble, unless you make some other arrangements for keeping the water at a safe level. And that is what we have done in the case of Austria. We cannot get away from the fact that Austria is German. She may not get on well with Prussia, but neither do Bavaria and the other States in South Germany. She may wish to remain independent of Germany, and there is no reason why she should not be encouraged to do so. But, in the long run, she cannot be compelled to remain independent against her will. The Treaty of Saint Germain so weakened Austria that she could hardly be expected to survive a crisis unaided, and it was as natural that she should turn to Germany in her distress as it is that a river should flow down a valley and not up it. If her neighbours had been a little less proud of their newly-won independence and had done more to help her, this crisis, this distress, might never have occurred. She might have become part of a new federation of the Danubian states, which would have replaced the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, but would have avoided that Empire's weakness, because it would have been based upon agreement and equality, and not upon force and the domination of an Emperor in Vienna.

We—or rather, the French, the Italians, and the Czechoslovaks—have been, perhaps, too anxious to convince ourselves that one treaty signed after a defeat would prove stronger than economic, political, and racial facts. Perhaps it would have been wiser to canalise the stream, and to have allowed Austria and Germany the freedom to unite if they wanted to do so. There would not then be such a danger that they will do so whether we like it or not, and will flood the whole valley in the process. By trying to hold up the current we may have merely encouraged an acute nationalist feeling in both countries, and this makes it very difficult indeed to know what is going to happen if Herr Hitler gives an unsatisfactory reply to the Austrian protest. For the great question now is how deep the National Socialist roots are in Austria itself. Dr. Dollfuss declares that most of the explosives thrown about in his country are made in Germany, and that the money behind all these disorders comes from across the German frontier. But even if it were possible to make this frontier as impassable as the Polish-Lithuanian frontier has been for ten years or more, it would still be doubtful whether Austria could resist this new Nationalist doctrine which has swept the other German-speaking peoples off their feet.

Italy and Austria

The Heimwehr, upon which the Chancellor depends, gets its doctrine from Italy. But there are no racial or historical links between Italy and Austria. Fascism is much more of a foreign concern than Hitlerism. And there is not nearly enough evidence that Austria can flourish entirely alone for there to be a strong 'Austria-for-the-Austrians' movement. So that, if Dr. Dollfuss has to ask for a special meeting of the League Council, the delegates in Geneva will find themselves in great difficulties. If Germany were foolish enough to send troops across the frontier to attack, then there would be such an obvious breach of the Covenant and several other treaties that the case for some sort of action against Germany would be very strong. But the League cannot very well forbid change inside the boundaries of an independent state. It might pass a resolution to help the present Chancellor, but words do not stop national movements.

But the desire somehow to prevent Austria from having a Government similar to that of Germany would be very strong. Already it is having the oddest political effects in Europe. For years Signor Mussolini has been on the side of treaty revision—and hence of Germany—against France and the Little Entente Powers who want to keep everything as it was laid down in the Peace Treaty. But Italy is just as alarmed as France by National Socialism, and the last thing she wants is Germany or a German-controlled Austria as her north-eastern neighbour. For one thing, the Southern Tyrol, which went to Italy after the War and is now known as the Alto Adige, is German in language and in sympathy, and the nationalist movement there would grow uncomfortably strong. There is now very considerable bitterness between Berlin and Rome, and this must have been increased by the way in which the Austrian Nazis celebrated the visit to Vienna of Signor Suvich, the Italian Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, by throwing bombs about.

Therefore, Italy and France, whose rivalry for influence in South-Eastern Europe is one of the most awkward political facts of the day, are agreed upon one thing. They want, at all costs, to keep a third Great Power, Germany, out of the arena. What action would they take if, the League notwithstanding, Austria were to have a Nazi Government? And what about Czecho-

slovakia? If you look at the map you will see that at least half her frontiers run with those of Austria and Germany. Should Hungary go Nazi as well—as she very probably would—Czechoslovakia, with three million Germans in her population of fifteen million, would be in an extremely uncomfortable position.

Beginnings of a Balkan Federation

Czechoslovakia and the other two Little Entente states, Rumania and Yugoslavia, have just been holding one of their periodical conferences in Belgrade. Its most important job, I gather, has been to discuss what economic concessions they could possibly make to Hungary to make her forget her claim to part of their territory, and to come in definitely on their side. The effort to win over Bulgaria is almost as great. It is quite possible that within a very few months some means will have been found to console Bulgaria for the fact that the promise made at the time of the Peace Conference, that she should be given an outlet on the Aegean Sea, was never fulfilled.

Albania, which has been entirely under the political and financial influence of Italy, is also anxious to join up with this Little Entente and Balkan group. There may be a solid block of more than half-a-dozen countries, from Turkey on the south-east to Yugoslavia on the north-west, which have pledged themselves to settle all their future disputes by discussion and never by war. There is indeed a beginning of a great Balkan Federation which would be one of the most promising factors for peace on the continent.

But all this depends enormously upon what happens in Austria. The prospects for disarmament, too, are involved, for if Germany now has a dispute with other states on the League Council, all the careful effort to bring the French and German points of view nearer together will be destroyed, and this effort has, up to the present, been fairly successful. In the German reply on disarmament which was handed over to the French Ambassador in Berlin ten days ago, the Germans make no concession on the point which, to them, is the most important of all. But they word their note in a way which keeps the ball rolling. In a note to the British, the German government ask other governments to express their points of view. And if that does not mean the reopening of negotiations, I don't know what does.

And now about this one important point. 'Over a year ago', their argument runs—this is not the actual wording, of course, but the gist of it—'you all promised that we should be given the same right to defend ourselves as any other nation. We don't care very much what our weapons of defence happen to be. We don't particularly want tanks or heavy guns or aeroplanes or howitzers. But'—and then follows the all-important reservation—'we insist on having the same weapons that you choose to look upon as defensive. It all depends upon you what sort of armaments we Germans have. And we are getting a little impatient because you take so long to agree to this equality you promised us over a year ago'. That is roughly the German argument, and it is a very strong one. But it is so much more difficult to disarm than to be disarmed. It is so much easier to rid yourself of the more dangerous and expensive types of weapons if somebody is at your side with the means to compel you to do so.

In the months after the Treaty came into force, you would find British, French, Belgian or other officers living in the most unexpected towns and villages in Germany supervising this business of destroying her fighting material. Some day, if ever the disarmament convention goes through, the same sort of thing will be happening here, in France, in Italy and so on. But there will be this fundamental difference between Germany's disarmament and that of the other countries—Germany's took place under compulsion and ours would take place under the impulse of reason; because mankind had realised that the time had come to stop this huge expenditure on arms that are, at the best, useless, and, at the worst, destructive.

Germany has grown impatient. And the more impatient she grows, the more the other countries hesitate to reduce the weapons which give them the superiority over Germany. The impatience probably leads Germany to do a good deal of arming on the quiet in preparation for the time when the promise of equality shall be fulfilled. It also leads a lot of Germans to argue that they must prepare to take these rights by force since the other governments are reluctant to give them any other way. And these preparations—semi-military parades and so on—and this secret re-arming, make France and several other countries very anxious not to agree to this German re-armament which is inevitable unless they were to disarm immediately to the German level. The problem of statesmen of today is how to break this vicious circle. And I imagine the moment has now come for the British to play a very important part in breaking it.

'Seven Days' Hard'

By G. K. CHESTERTON

YOU will all be struck by my remarkable resemblance to the Devil; having only fifteen minutes in which to talk about seven days; and having great wrath because my time is short. It is obvious that this survey of a week might be made in several ways; and especially in two ways. I might make it what is called a survey of public events, which means a survey of the very few important events that are made public. In other words, I could tell you all that you have already read in the newspapers; for some of the least important social events are still allowed to appear in the newspapers. But it would be much better fun to tell you the things that do not appear in the newspapers. In that respect France is more fortunate than England; we have had plenty of politicians whose names have been linked with financiers like Stavisky, but we were never told much about them, except their affection for goldfish or their interest in breeding squirrels. It is a strange society; if private affairs are made public, it is only fair to say that public affairs are kept quite private. As it is, I could only tell you what you have read and forgotten; and the only other obvious thing would be to describe what I myself have done during the week, which I have forgotten myself. Some vague memories remain, which might be made to sound vivid by unscrupulous selection. For instance, it would be perfectly true to say that I spent most of last Sunday, after going to Mass, in making practical plans and arrangements for a murder. Indeed, it was a double murder, and as both the murdered men were millionaires, I deeply grieve to announce that the plan was not actually carried into practice. But then it was not an honest manly murder in real life; but a sneaky, evasive, make-believe murder, only meant for a murder story in a magazine. But on the whole, I think any such diary of my days would be very dull to read and to write; which is probably why I never write it.

Now I would ask your attention to a third aspect of the thing; which has nothing to do with the loud triviality that we call public life, or the loose triviality that we now generally mean by private life. It is not concerned with public life or private life, but with Life. And it seems to me that Life is the one thing that most modern men never think about all their lives. We are asked to consider what has happened in seven days. Some of the most aged among you were told, a long while ago, that the world was made in six days. Most of you are now told that modern science contradicts this; a statement which is certainly much more of a lie than the statement it contradicts. It also shows that what these people call their modern science is not very modern. The ancient science, the Victorian science of the days of Darwin, did indeed entertain a queer idea that anything was credible so long as it came very slowly. As if we were to say we could believe in a hippogriff if a horse only grew one feather at a time; or in a unicorn, if its horn was not too rapidly exalted, but began as a little knob like a pimple. But that is not modern science, whatever else it is. The real modern science, the new science, for what that is worth, tends more and more to an idea of mystical mathematical design, which may well be outside time. So far as the latest science goes, the cosmos might have appeared in six days; or in six seconds; or more probably in minus six seconds; or perhaps in the square root in minus six. But I am not at all insisting on any literal six days; it is not required by my own creed; and I am not talking about anybody's creed. I am talking about the very grand ideas suggested by that symbol; of the creative power being for six days creative and for the seventh contemplative. For the true end of all creation is completion; and the true end of all completion is contemplation. Heaven forbid that, in the present unenlightened state of the world, I should talk theology. But why have modern men got no sense even of the majesty of mythology? Let us regard the Genesis story as a myth; but let us treat it as educated people do treat any other myth. When we read that Prometheus the Titan stole fire from heaven for mankind, we do not say a giant was a thief who stole Jupiter's match-box on Mount Olympus. When we read that the whole world went into a winter of lamentation because the Earth Goddess had lost her daughter, we do not say that those superstitious Greeks thought an old witch could wither the corn. We have some sense of the grandeur of these great natural allegories; and why have we no sense of the grandeur of that conception, by which a week has become a wonderful and mystical thing, in which Man imitates God in his labour and in his rest?

I want to put to you, what is hardest of all to put in words; something that is more private than private life. It is the fact

that we are alive; and that life is far more astonishing than anything that we enjoy or suffer in life. What has really happened during the last seven days and nights? Seven times we have been dissolved into darkness as we shall be dissolved into dust; our very selves, so far as we know, have been wiped out of the world of living things; and seven times we have been raised alive like Lazarus, and found all our limbs and senses unaltered, with the coming of the day. That one simple fact of Sleep is an almost perfect example of the sort of thing I mean. It is far more sensational than any fact or falsehood that can be read in the newspapers. It is far more sensational than any scandalous secret I might reveal to your delighted ears about my own private life. If you want important events, such as journalism is supposed to report, those are the important events. If you want the latest news, the latest news is that I died last night; and that I was miraculously reborn this morning, to your no small annoyance; for I fear that my return from the dead, though it is certainly news, is not necessarily good news. But what weeks and dates and Sundays and Sabbaths, and ancient ritual recurrences, are meant to remind us of, is exactly this enormous importance of daily life, as it is lived by every human being; as it is related to death and daylight and all the mysterious lot of Man. To tell you that I have performed this or that silly action, such as making a speech like this, might gratify my vanity. To tell you that the leading public men who control our destinies have performed this or that silly action might gratify my irritation. But neither has very much to do with my life; and neither has anything to do with that great revolving wheel of cosmic light and darkness that we call a week.

And now you will naturally say that all this is extremely vague and transcendental and impractical. I answer, with some violence, that it is at this moment by far the most practical problem in the world. Unless we can bring men back to enjoying the daily life, which moderns call a dull life, our whole civilisation will be in ruins in about fifteen years. Whenever anybody proposes anything really practical, to solve the economic evil today, the answer always is that the solution would not work, because the modern town populations would think life dull. That is because they are entirely unacquainted with life. They know nothing but distractions from life; dreams, which may be found in the cinema; that is, brief oblivions of life. I am not going to talk about the advantages of this or that social solution; but it is true that this is the standing difficulty of all social solutions. Some people, like the late Mr. Galsworthy, think that the English poor should be helped further to colonise the Colonies. Some, of whom I am one, have even dared to dream that the English might be allowed to colonise England. But to both the objection is always essentially this: that they would be six miles from a cinema. It is perhaps true; and another way of putting the same truth is that modern men have utterly lost the joy of life. They have to put up with the miserable substitute of the joys of life. And even these they seem less and less able to enjoy. Unless we can make ordinary men interested in ordinary life, we are under the vulgar despotism of those who cannot interest them, but can at least amuse them. Unless we can make daybreak and daily bread and the creative secrets of labour interesting in themselves, there will fall on all our civilisation a fatigue, which is the one disease from which civilisations do not recover. So died the great Pagan civilisation; of bread and circuses and forgetfulness of the household gods.

So, whatever you do, do not jeer at the Book of Genesis. It would be better for you, it would be better for all of us, if we were so absolutely bound by the Book of Genesis that the whole week was a series of symbolic services, reminding us of the stages of Creation. It would be better if every Monday, instead of being Black Monday, were always Bright Monday, to commemorate the creation of the Light. It would be better if Tuesday, at present a word of somewhat colourless connotation, represented a great feast of fountains and rivers and rollings streams; because it was the day of the Division of the Waters. It would be better if every Wednesday were an occasion for hanging the house with green boughs or blossoms; because these things were brought forth on the third day of Creation; or that Thursday were sacred to the sun and moon, and Friday sacred to the fish and fowl; and so on. Then you might begin to have some notion of the importance of a week; and what a high imaginative civilisation might really do with a week. If it had the creative power to produce such a pageant of creation, it would not bother about cinemas.

The Navy Yesterday and Today—III

The Navy in and after the Great War

By Admiral SIR HERBERT RICHMOND

LAST week I referred to the obvious fact that the existence of a strong British Navy, though it had prevented several comparatively small but acute disputes from developing into wars, had not proved capable of preventing the recent Great War. Why, if a strong Navy is a powerful deterrent to war, as it is claimed to be, and as it has shown itself to be in the instances I gave during the nineteenth century (to which I could have added some from the eighteenth), did it fail to act as a preventive on the greatest of occasions?

One of the fundamental reasons was a disbelief abroad of its power to affect the issue in the War, as it was visualised.

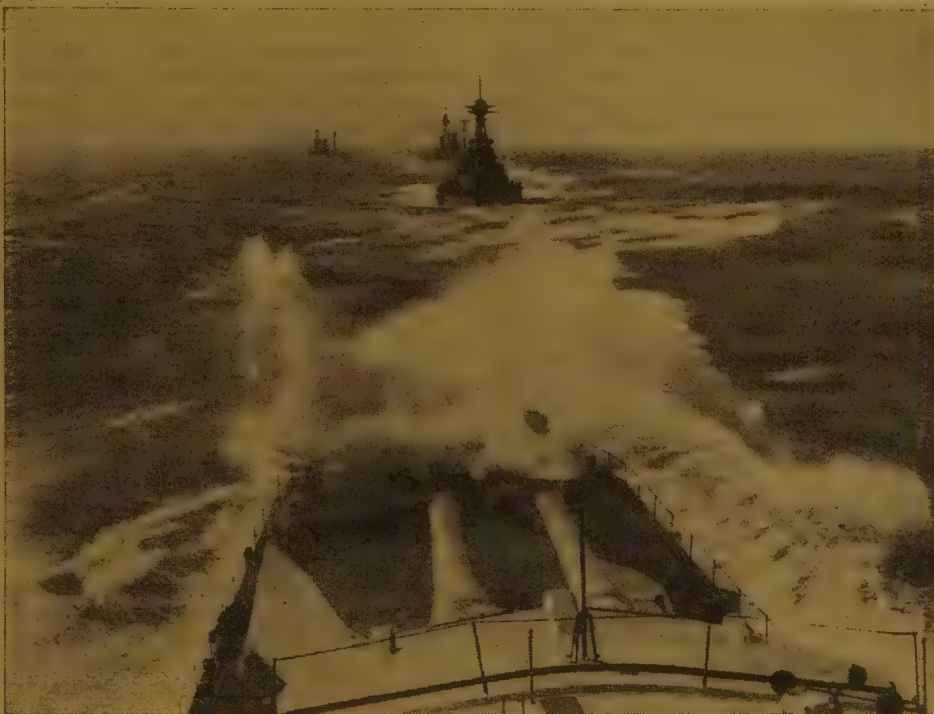
It was certainly believed in Germany that the War would be short: victory would be obtained on land by the defeat of the French armies and the capture of Paris long before the influence of the Navy would be felt by the people. At the same time, enough supplies of warlike material could be stocked in advance to meet the needs of the few months of expected fighting. Such inconveniences as the British Navy and its naval allies could impose were, moreover, believed to have been rendered negligible by two agreements. The first was the Declaration of Paris of 1856, which allowed all goods carried on board neutral ships to be free from capture: the second, the Declaration of London of 1909, imposed severe restrictions upon what could be classed as contraband. What is the meaning of the word 'contraband'? It means goods which 'are capable of affording any help, however remote, to the enemy in his prosecution of the war'. To illustrate how restricted a view was taken at this latter time it is enough to remind you that cotton, the raw material for explosives and aircraft, was on the free list: aircraft were not deemed capable of affording help in war! It is hardly capable of doubt that these restrictions upon the use of naval power constituted an encouragement to the belief that the Navy of Britain, even when it was assisted by the navies of France and Russia, was not a factor which would seriously influence the course of that short and 'joyous' war which was anticipated. All the warlike material which would be needed from abroad could be provided beforehand or imported; and pressure, whether of an economic nature or of hunger, could not be imposed. This view was not confined to our prospective enemies. It was shared by Marshal Foch himself, who asserted that the British Navy was not worth a single bayonet, and there were British soldiers who shared this view.

Reassuming the 'Maritime' Rights

With such handicaps, such expectations of a short war, and such a complete misinterpretation of the influence of the control of sea communications in war, it is not unnatural

that the Navy could not be a deterrent to war as it had been on earlier occasions. If you draw a watch-dog's teeth, and announce to the criminal underworld that what remains of him is harmless, it can hardly be expected to act as a deterrent to the burglar. As the War progressed the British and Allied Governments proceeded, by gradual steps, to reassume some of the rights and powers that had been thrown away. It quickly became obvious that immense volumes of materials were pouring into Germany and that her resistance would depend upon receiving them. The contraband lists were therefore extended in accordance with the true meaning of the term, and very gradually and slowly the supply of goods

which enabled the enemy to continue his resistance was reduced by means of arrangements with the neutral Powers. But this was not easy. If it be asked why, when it has been claimed that these 'maritime' rights are of such importance, the ravages of the Allies proved unable to bring the War to a quicker conclusion, the answer is that it was impossible immediately to reassume the rights that had been abandoned and that, even when this had been done, there was a number of back doors



Battleships at sea: taken from H.M.S. *Warspite* during the War

The Nautical Photo Agency

through which the needed goods could pass into Germany. This work was not done by the Navy, but by the Foreign Office. Sea power in any case operates slowly. It always has done so, and it must be in the nature of things to do so, when it is in employment against Continental states with great resources. No sea officer in our Navy, or in any other, who knew anything of the history of war or of economics, ever deluded himself into the belief that a rapid decision could be reached by the control of the sea roads.

The victories which the German army obtained placed them in a position to draw supplies from the conquered territories—Belgium, the Ukraine, Rumania—to replace those they could not get by sea: and at the same time the rewards which neutral speculators could earn by selling goods and acting as middlemen and agents of supply, brought into existence a vast international business in the neutral world, whose object it was to profit to the utmost from the conflict; little foreseeing the disaster they were preparing for themselves by prolonging the War. I do not think it extravagant to believe that, but for this organised system of supply, the Central Powers would not have outlasted the year 1917, and might even have come to an end of their powers of resistance before the summer of that year. Temporarily profitable to those who conducted it this traffic may have been; but the prolongation of the War that it caused was responsible for much physical suffering, for a terrible loss of life in battle, and for many of those burdens which, fifteen years later, still lie so heavy on the peoples of the whole world.

What, then, was the function of the Navy, and the Allied Navies, in that War? They must give security against attack by sea to all the allied territories and possessions. Troops moving by sea to effect diversionary or other forms of operation must be secure on their voyages. Commerce, which furnished the means of supply, must be maintained: and credit was essential to commerce and dependent on the Navy. The raw materials and finished weapons the Allies needed must reach them, and the same must not reach the enemy. Finally, the national willingness of the enemy to continue fighting must be weakened. The enemy must be disillusioned of their confidence in final victory. These things the Navy did. It took a long time, and the reasons for its taking a long time are to be found in the many false ideas which had gained assent in the years before the War, and the obstacles placed by financial and trading interests.

Was the British Navy, then, not worth a single bayonet? Without it, France would not have received from Britain, from America and elsewhere the steel, the coal, the petrol, the munitions of which she was in need: and the need for many of these was urgent when the industrial districts had fallen into the hands of the enemy. The German fleet would effectively have stood in the way and there would have been no back doors through which they could be slipped into France. Italy would have been unlikely to risk her national existence if a superior German-Austrian fleet had been in the Mediterranean—and, but for the British Navy, there would have been no difficulty in its being there. Those French troops from Africa which played so large a part in the fighting would never have reached France if the command of the Mediterranean had been in enemy hands. No submarine campaign would have occurred to bring neutrals into the War: for victory on land would have been obtained without it. The victory of the Central Powers would have been certain.

Again, a very strong Navy did not prevent us from suffering losses so great that the country was brought perilously near surrender. We had been assured that the Navy could give us security. Why, then, did we come within measurable distance of defeat? The first reason is, unpreparedness for the new form of attack. For three centuries a continuous effort had been made by the civilised nations of Europe to establish laws, or rules, governing conduct in war and mitigating its cruelty. It was believed that these restrictions upon certain acts which custom had imposed would be observed. Of these, one of the most important was that merchant ships could not be sunk at sight but must be visited and captured. It was plain that submarines could do little harm to commerce so long as their action remained legitimate; and it was anticipated that, if illegitimate methods should be used, such injury would be done to neutrals as could not fail to bring them into collision with the nation employing those methods. Thus the methods for dealing with this form of attack had not been thought out, and, as a corollary, the instruments which would be needed were not provided. Of those methods, long experience in war had shown that the most effective way of guarding commerce at sea was to gather ships into flocks and sail them under the protection of fighting vessels: in other words, the convoy system, in which the man-of-war is the sheep-dog which protects the flock against the wolf.

Considerations Introduced by the Submarine

But again, when the time came, there were many doubts as to whether this measure, suitable as it had been in the past, was suitable against the new instrument, the submarine. The adoption of this measure during the War was then delayed by three causes: first, opposition to its use; second, the want of the many small vessels its execution demanded; and third, the creation of the necessary organisation for control of the shipping. While the War demonstrated to the full the need for a numerous naval flotilla of small fast vessels and craft of all kinds, working in those areas in which submarines were capable of working, it showed also the need for a great number of vessels capable of doing the same kind of work in the outer oceans where vessels of larger size are to be found.

What, then, was the use of the fleet of 'battleships'? That fleet acted as a great shield to all those weak forces of small vessels and cruisers dispersed over the sea guarding these scattered flocks of ships. The battleships were placed mainly at Scapa Flow and the Firth of Forth. Imagine that some great cataclysm had closed the exits from those harbours. Then, nothing in the world could have prevented the similar great

ships of the enemy from putting to sea in full security and overwhelming all those weaker ships of ours. In the face of even two or three of these great vessels to the westward, not a convoy would have come up Channel. Cruising to the westward, supporting cruiser forces spread widely, they would not have been driven off either by aircraft or submarines. Their pressure would have been sufficient to deter any unprotected shipping from coming into those waters, and trade would have ceased. The country would have starved, and, even before that happened, the army in France would have been in difficulties: for a constant service of supply was necessary for it.

What of the Future?

How does a British Navy stand as a national and international instrument of the future? Can it still be the guardian of peace, the upholder of treaties and the defender of the country, that I believe it to have been in the past? Or have some new instruments come into being which deprive it of the great influence which it has hitherto possessed? What has changed in the situation at sea? The sea remains the only road of commerce and that road the Navy has to keep open. But there have been changes in the instruments which can be used to control this road. Three things stand out: today there are more, and stronger, submarines; aircraft can do much more than they could twenty years ago; and the 'small' surface craft have become larger and more capable of attacking commerce. From the views one sees expressed in the public Press, it seems to be widely accepted that the craft which fly will in future rule both land and sea. War, it is said, will be decided in a night by the Power which has the strongest air navy. The outbreak of war will be announced by a devastating attack on our capital, murder will be spread wholesale and a navy, even if it exists, will be powerless to influence affairs. Britain, which used to be an island, is an island no longer, for air has 'bridged the Channel'. Though England may no longer be an island, in the sense that invasion can now be made otherwise than by sea in ships, she is as much an island as ever she was in another sense. The goods she needs and the goods she must sell to pay for them, must come by sea in ships, for there is no other possible means of conveyance. 'The air' has not made a bridge across the sea, by means only of which our supplies of food and materials can reach us.

However secure a fortress may be against bombardment or assault, security in that form will avail nothing if food cannot reach the people within, and if their privations are greater than they can, or will, bear. That is a familiar fact. So it is with a country. While, therefore, we must be proof against attack in this new form from the air, we must still be proof against siege. Security to those communications can only be given by a Navy, and that Navy of today consists of surface vessels, vessels that swim and vessels that fly. The last-named cannot do everything. They cannot accompany shipping on its long voyages: they cannot operate far from land: they cannot work in all weathers: they cannot identify and disclose the vessels they may sight, and even if they should sometimes do so, the weapons they carry are far from accurate and their supply of ammunition very restricted. They could not by any possibility whatever keep open the road by which our food reaches us and our manufactures reach our clients. Neither could they guard our troops at sea. Only those who know nothing of the sea can imagine that a body of shipping passing down Channel, through the Bay of Biscay, the Indian Ocean, or the Mediterranean, could be made secure against an attack by either a fast surface flotilla, a cruiser squadron or by heavier ships yet, by these small craft. Only surface vessels can do that, and many of them are needed.

Those who assume that air bombardment would be fatal, and that because it would be fatal we must apply all our resources to security against this danger, should recollect the words of Henry V at the siege of Rouen. 'War has three terrible handmaidens—Fire, Blood and Famine: I have chosen the meekest maiden of the three'. If an island is insecure at sea, as this island would be without the Navy, an enemy who has the power of bombing is absolved from using that indiscriminating power. He would have no need to bring upon himself all the odium, all the risk of intervention, which its use is liable to entail, for he can choose 'the meekest maiden', Famine, with a certainty of success. Let it also be remembered that disputes may arise with nations situated so far from this country that

(Continued on page 208)

BRITISH BROADCASTING

A short account of the B.B.C.'s constitution, technical service, programmes and contact with the listening public.

To mark the fifth anniversary of THE LISTENER we offer our readers the following Supplement, dealing with some aspects of British Broadcasting which have been found liable to misunderstanding in other countries

SOME weeks ago THE LISTENER published a lecture by Professor Ernest Barker, in which he examined the constitution and working of the B.B.C., and drew interesting comparisons between the broadcasting systems of Britain, Germany, the United States of America, and other countries. Some knowledge of the problems of other countries is essential if we are to have satisfactory relations with them; and, in broadcasting, close international contacts are of primary importance. From its early days the B.B.C. has attached great importance to the establishment and maintenance of such contacts. In Europe the Union Internationale de Radiodiffusion has since 1925 provided the machinery for the settlement of common problems and, in the technical sphere particularly, for the allocation of wavelengths on an agreed basis, without which conditions in this congested area would be chaotic. The existence of the Union, and the type of unified broadcasting organisation which is growing more and more general in Europe, have both arisen out of the actual conditions of the Continent. Where a relatively small and densely populated area is divided into differing national systems, some degree of co-ordination becomes necessary in the interest of all. In its turn, this need of co-ordination has made for the unification of the broadcasting service within each country.

Different as are the problems of Europe and the United States, the B.B.C. has maintained increasing co-operation through regular correspondence and exchange of programmes with the two great American concerns—the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System. The cordial relations which have thus grown up—and continue today—have a value extending beyond the work of broadcasting, as contributing to the general improvement of international understanding.

America Debates Her Radio Future

At the beginning of 1933 the National University Extension Association of the United States selected for debate throughout the high schools and colleges of that country the resolution 'that the United States adopt the essential features of the British system of radio operation and control'. From the end of April, 1933, a steady flow of enquiries reached Broadcasting House from America, asking both for factual information and for expressions of opinion on various aspects of British broadcasting. In replying, the B.B.C. followed a consistent policy, making

no attempt to answer questions in detail, but referring correspondents to its publications in which they could find the facts and so form their own opinion; and not supplying free any of its literature other than specimen copies of its weekly journals, talks programme, etc. Any action was avoided which might be thought either discourteous to the leading American broadcasting organisations, or capable of being interpreted as amounting to interference in the domestic problems of another country*.

In the autumn of 1933 the National Association of Broadcasters announced their intention, in view of the demand for material supporting the negative side of the debate, of publishing a volume presenting some of the achievements of broadcasting in the United States under the competitive system†. A copy of this volume, *Broadcasting in the United States*, has just been received. It is offered as 'a full and fair discussion of the issues involved'. It should be noted that membership of the Association is on the basis of station ownership, which entitles the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System to no more than 2 per cent. representation. Although they are linked for programme purposes with a large number of other stations, they do not control the policy of the associate and independent stations in matters concerning the National Association of Broadcasters.

The British System Misunderstood

The B.B.C. has obviously no concern with the question, What system best suits the United States? But when it finds its own method of operation and system of control (together with the public reaction thereto in the British Isles) subjected to distortion, it becomes a duty to make an accurate picture of the facts available to any who may care to study it. The following notes have been prepared in such a way as to be of use to those in all parts of the world interested in understanding the British system.

A Public Utility Service

In general, the constitution of the B.B.C. represents that new type of organisation of public utility service of which other examples in Great Britain are the Central Electricity Commission and the London Passenger Transport Board. It has certain special features of its own, appropriate to the unique service with which it is charged;

*Up to the end of 1933, 650 letters of enquiry had reached the B.B.C. from individual Americans and had been dealt with as indicated. In addition, permission was given to Messrs. Bower Aly and Gerald D. Shively, Editors of the official Debate Handbook, to publish therein extracts from the B.B.C. Charter and Licence and from the B.B.C. Year Books, as well as to reprint an article on broadcasting in America, written by an officer of the B.B.C. and published in *The Nineteenth Century and After*, August, 1931. A small number of B.B.C. publications were also distributed by the British Library of Information in New York, which was authorised to act as a distributing agent in America for this purpose while the debates were proceeding.

†Pending this publication, the Association issued a bibliography of available material, including the B.B.C. Year Books.

but the governing feature is that the State, having established unified control in the public interest, transferred responsibility for the exercise of that control to a Public Corporation.

The original Broadcasting Company was a limited liability company, operating under a Licence from the Postmaster-General, which contained various stipulations as to what might and might not be done, emergency powers of the State, etc., limitation of dividends to 7½ per cent., surpluses to be surrendered. There were certain obligations with respect to the erection of stations, and conditions limiting the transmission of news in the interests of the newspapers; but otherwise the Company had merely to provide a service 'to the reasonable satisfaction of the Postmaster-General'. Most of the capital was guaranteed by six large companies, each of which nominated a Director; the remaining shareholders were also to be wireless manufacturers and could nominate two additional Directors. The six guarantors nominated the Chairman.

The change was due almost entirely to the immense development of broadcasting all over the world, and most notably, in this country. The very success of the Company prepared the way for a general recognition of the view that the new and immensely potent instrument for which it was responsible must be more closely and definitely associated with the general interest of the community. There neither was nor could be any suggestion that, as a matter of fact, the interests of the public were being in any way sacrificed to those of the manufacturing interests; what was felt, however, was that not only was unification of the supply of broadcasting essential, but that the control must be of such a nature as to put the public service aspect definitely and permanently in the foreground.

The B.B.C.'s Charter

As the outcome of the findings of a Government Committee set up in 1925, and presided over by Lord Crawford, to consider the question of the best type of constitution for broadcasting control in this country, a change took place on January 1, 1927, not in the administrative system or the public service policy hitherto adopted, to both of which the Committee gave commendation—but in the constitution. A Corporation was established by Royal Charter, and, supplementary to the Charter, by Licence from the Postmaster-General.

The preamble of the Charter outlines the purpose and scope of the Corporation. It is granted in order that the broadcasting service should be conducted 'by a public corporation acting as trustees for the national interest'. It refers to the 'great value of the service as a means of education and entertainment'. The powers granted include not only the acquisition of property, but the issue of publications, the collection of news, the entering into arrangements with Governments and local authorities, the application of its funds to different purposes, and so forth. There are five Governors, appointed for a term of years by the Crown.

Licence from the Postmaster-General

In addition to the Charter is the Licence and Agreement from the Postmaster-General, under which the Corporation actually operates. The terms of the Licence might suggest that the Postmaster-General's control was more far-reaching than it really is. For in-

stance, the Licence lays it down that the Corporation is to broadcast matter every day (including Sundays) during the hours specified from time to time by the Postmaster-General; the Corporation is bound to broadcast at its own expense anything which any Government Department may require; the Corporation must refrain from broadcasting any matter, either particular or general, if the Postmaster-General requires it. No case has arisen in which it has been found necessary to exercise such powers, which it is fully recognised are intended to operate only in an emergency. Such powers have no immediate bearing on the day-to-day work of broadcasting.

Autonomy in Administration

The importance of freedom from interference in management is recognised under the present system. Control of policy in the wide sense is provided for. Parliament decided the type of constitution and terms of reference of the B.B.C., imposed upon it certain obligations and limitations, and required an annual account. If the B.B.C. were not to carry out its obligations under the Charter, negatively or positively, Parliament or the Postmaster-General could intervene. But in administration the Corporation is autonomous.

Parliament of set purpose made the B.B.C. a monopoly subject to certain safeguards. The deliberate choice of a system of monopoly for British broadcasting has only recently, after ten years' experience, received practically unanimous reaffirmation in a debate in the House of Commons. Unified central control makes for concentration of effort and the most economical administration—in fact, the highest degree of efficiency in every sense of the term, not least from the listener's point of view. Planned programmes make possible planned listening, and the meeting of various tastes. Competition is by no means the most sure, enduring or productive stimulus to effort. On the contrary, the very fact of monopoly is often a stimulus.

Number of Wireless Licences

The licence system was from the beginning readily accepted by the public, and apart from a few initial complications has worked smoothly, as the following figures show:—

As at January 1, 1924	600,000
" " 1925	1,100,000
" " 1926	1,700,000
" " 1927	2,200,000
" " 1928	2,400,000
" " 1929	2,700,000
" " 1930	3,000,000
" " 1931	3,400,000
" " 1932	4,300,000
" " 1933	5,200,000
" " 1934	6,000,000

The population of Great Britain and Northern Ireland at the end of 1933 is estimated at 46,600,000. It follows that one person in every eight of our population is now a licence holder. This proportion is exceeded by only one country in the world, Denmark, where the proportion is one in seven. In the United States, whose population in 1933 is given in an official publication as 137,000,000, it has been estimated* that there are about 17,000,000 sets. These figures, which are an estimate only, would make one in every eight of the population of the United States the owner of a radio set. It must also be remembered that a licence in Great Britain often covers two or three sets.

*U.S. Department of Commerce on December 31, 1932



Broadcasting House—a glimpse through the columns of All Souls' Church

Technical Difficulties

Great Britain is one of thirty-five European countries interested in broadcasting, which are contained within a circle of approximately 1,500 miles radius. This European Region has to be treated as a unit when considering possible coverage, since any two stations within it using a power of more than about 1 kw. are capable of mutual interference. Unfortunately, most of the important stations lie

within a circle of only 800 miles radius, and cannot be content with a power of anything like 1 kw.

As determined by world agreement, the number of wavelength channels available for broadcasting in these thirty-five countries is only slightly larger than the number available for serving the North American Region. Yet these countries differ from one another in language, tradition, culture and outlook. Thus, the transmissions



Empire Broadcasting Station at Daventry. The six omni-directional aerials, with the two 5XX masts and the Empire Station building in the background

from a station in any one country cannot be taken as giving a service in another country; on the contrary, they may seriously interfere with it. Agreement as to the precise channels used by each country is therefore essential.

Since, then, the number of wavelengths available in any one country is strictly limited, the establishment of centralised national systems of broadcasting is an obvious way of ensuring their most efficient use. Great Britain has been given eleven channels; but seven of them are shared with other European countries. Their possibilities of coverage differ greatly, ranging from 20 to 400 miles radius. But there is a world agreement which allows certain of the longer wavelengths (above 1,000 metres) to be used for broadcasting in this European Region. In view of their great coverage, their use has been advocated by most radio engineers for some years past.

All broadcast engineering work in Great Britain and Northern Ireland is controlled directly by the B.B.C. This includes the planning, construction, and operation of studios, transmitting stations and associated apparatus, with the sole exception of the telephone cables linking studios and transmitters. These cables, especially equipped for high quality music transmissions, are hired from the General Post Office. Such a method of control makes possible a unified technical policy throughout the system, thereby facilitating coverage, the maintenance of a high standard of artistic reproduction, and the ready expansion of the technical facilities available to the programme producer. Thus the B.B.C. can pursue whatever technical policy is most suitable for listeners in the whole area to be served, without taking account of other extraneous considerations.

Choice of Two Programmes

The B.B.C.'s transmitters are so placed as to give not less than two contrasted programmes to a large majority of the population*. This service is designed for reception under good conditions both by day and by night, and does not take into account as an essential the possibilities of reception by indirect ray during the hours of darkness. Eighty-five per cent. of the population are now able to

receive alternative programmes with direct ray service, while ninety-nine per cent. can obtain a service of one programme under similar conditions. Moreover, these proportions allow for the fact that the average receiver in the hands of the public is limited as regards both sensitivity and selectivity. But if the possibility of indirect ray reception is taken into account, then a majority of the population can obtain up to six British programmes.

When the present system of distribution was planned in 1926, receiver capabilities made it necessary for the two programmes to be supplied at sensibly equal strength; and therefore twin transmitters were erected in each of the five main centres of population. Areas falling outside the range of the nine transmitters using a 'medium' wavelength (*i.e.*, below 600 metres) were served by the tenth transmitter using one of the longer wavelengths, the service from the latter being augmented in certain outlying centres of population by low power relay transmitters.

Recent developments in receiver design, and the possibility of using a power of 150 kw. on the longer waves, has led to a decision to supply one of the two programmes to ninety per cent. of the population by a single high power long wave station centrally situated. The alternative programme will be supplied by single transmitters at the existing five regional stations, with the addition, in districts previously inadequately served, of three further high power stations on medium wavelengths. Thus central control has made it practicable to modify the transmission system as a whole in accordance with the limited channels available and with technical development, for the benefit of listeners.

Benefits of Unified Control

The system of distribution has been based on experience of the technical requirements of the public. The chief interest of the average listener in Great Britain is to obtain the best possible quality of reproduction free from interference and fading, without much regard to the station from which it emanates. No appreciable number of listeners wish to receive from a station merely on account of its great distance. Since the revenue-earning

*According to *Broadcasting in the United States*, p. 48, 'it must be remembered that not only is Great Britain a small country, but that on the whole its population possesses similar traits of mind and character—similar viewpoints and interests. There is not the marked diversity of racial, cultural, social and economic backgrounds which one finds in the United States'. This is true enough; but the assumption that there is little difference in characteristics between the English, Welsh, Scots and Northern Irish, or between the Northern and Southern inhabitants of England, is one that would be resented and cannot pass unnoticed



The nerve-centre of British broadcasting—inside the control room at Broadcasting House

that sort of democracy. And the Dean of St. Paul's talked of Christianity. Christianity I have always held to be defined by its creeds, and since I do not believe in many statements in these creeds—their definition of the body, for example—I have always refused to call myself a Christian, because that might have coloured. But when the Dean of St. Paul's said that

IV—H. G. WELLS

beyond measure the beautiful
and his admirable pronunciation
the only country which is training its
better citizens than this one is. Well, I
found that out!

If I have a general criticism to make of my three able and distinguished predecessors, it is that they have given views rather than a statement of the point of view. They told us what they saw, but not where they stood. I want to tell you where I stand. I want to share with you before to join on what I have to say to you. My predecessors have said, instead, "This is the point, and a further in may be said." I have not opened my mind to you. I have not opened my mind. This makes pe

Whither Britain?—1940
By the Rt. Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.

Complete text of the talk broadcast by Mr. Winston Churchill on January 16

By the Rt. Hon. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD

Films Worth Seeing

You dowagers with Roman noses
Sailing along between banks of roses
 well dressed,
You Lords who sit at committee tables
And crack with grooms in riding stables
 your father's test;

W. H. AIDEN

By Commander STEPHEN KING-HALL

By BERNARD SHAW

Music

MESSAGE FROM
THE

BROADCAST TO THE FAIR
FROM S

'The Listener'

Leaves the League

By VERNON BARTLETT

It can hardly be any doubt that the League of Nations is a failure. It was created by any country which occupied a party to the League. It was too weak to resist. Germany is now fast near the end of its life. It is now fast near the end of its life. It is now fast near the end of its life.

Communism: For and Against

A Defence by Maurice Dobb



Poetry

By ROBERT BRIDGES

Facts About the Gold Standard

By THOMAS ADAMS

Britain's Efforts to Abolish Slavery

By THOMAS ADAMS

Evil

By THOMAS ADAMS

Survey of Rural Britain

BBC

Royal Academy

Science and Religion-IV

By the BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM

This Week's Crossword

No. 200—Latin—Virgil. By Janus

Prize: Virgil (Oxford Classical Texts, India paper, 6s.). Close date: Tuesday, January 16. Report (No. 198) on page 76. The two-line quotations contain either a hidden word or a hidden series of consecutive letters.

CLUES—ACROSS
1. 9, 45 rev. }
2. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

God and the World through Christian Eyes

PRINCIPAL

WHITAKER BRITAIN

IN THE BEGINNING

DESIGN IN PRINTING

By J. M. T.

Programme

Our National Character

By the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.

MEMOIRS OF THE UNEMPLOYED



The Problem of India

By the Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN SIMON

Summary of Programmes

Greatest Asset

By ARTHUR BRYANT

The Case for Fascism

By SIR OSWALD MOSLEY

THE ART OF ITALY

THE ART OF PERSIA

THE ART OF FRANCE

BRITISH ART



ART Architecture

HIS MAJESTY KING

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1933

1929-1934

Montage by Brian Cook

capabilities of individual stations need not be taken into account as an essential, it is possible to locate stations in such a way that maximum coverage can be obtained. Were it necessary to locate stations in such a way that each individual station competed with others for its listening public, it would be essential to locate several stations in the London area, for example, at the expense of other areas.

There are, however, other advantages than in respect of coverage. For example, the benefits of research, both in technique and in production, can be extended to the whole system, with consequent benefit to listeners in the whole national area. Under a non-unified system of control each individual broadcasting unit may tend to develop a new technique merely because it is different from others, rather than because it is better. Again, the operation of a vast system of studios and transmitters must be more economical when controlled by one unit.

It is significant that in Europe as a whole the development of broadcasting has been most rapid and successful in those countries where a unified system of control exists.

The Programmes

British programmes have to meet the natural tastes and preferences, traditions and habits of the British people. It is not to be expected that every item in the British programme should please foreign observers; or that the alleged lack of speed of these programmes should escape American criticism. But the test by which any national system of broadcasting must stand or fall is rather whether it caters for the needs of its own listeners and adequately exploits their distinctively national characteristics of mind and enjoyment in terms of the culture of the country. This has nothing to do with the number of programmes available for the listeners' choice. In the United States listeners enjoy a greater variety of choice than British listeners using *simple* apparatus, who are limited, as has been explained, to two alternative programmes broadcast at any time. But this comparative shortage of supply is due to technical considerations alone—that is, the congestion of the European ether. If more wavelengths were available, British listeners could have more varied fare. It is therefore within strict limitations of space that have nothing to do with any monopolistic system of control that British programmes have to be judged.

The balance and composition of British programmes, the result of eleven years' experience, can be seen from the following analysis for the year 1933:—

	NATIONAL		REGIONAL	
<i>Music</i>				
Serious	16.6		17.9	
Light	26		38.2	
Variety	3.1		3.4	
Dance Bands	9.6		11.4	
Gramophone Records ..	7.2		7.9	
		62.5		78.8
<i>Drama</i>	1.8	1.8	1.6	1.6
<i>Talks</i>				
Talks and Readings ..	7.3		2.5	
Education	8.0		.5	
News and Commentaries	7.5		6.9	
		22.8		9.9
<i>Religion</i>	4.7	4.7	3.8	3.8
<i>Children's Hour</i>	5.2	5.2	5.6	5.6
<i>Special Transmissions</i> ..	.5	.5	.3	.3
<i>Television</i>	2.5	2.5	—	—
		100.0		100.0

The importance of the share of music in these programmes and of the appreciation of music to which it has given rise among listeners is well enough known. What is less well known is the extent to which this provision of music has raised the standards of musical performance in Britain. The stimulus given by the B.B.C. to the musical life of the country includes not only the creation of a first-class national orchestra of 118 full-time musicians and several other orchestral and choral combinations in London and the Provinces, but also the support of the principal existing orchestras, outside the B.B.C., and encouragement to other musical enterprises.

In drama the comparatively modest share of the programme occupied gives little idea either of the quality of performance or of the variety of experiment which has taken place. Shakespeare, Sheridan, Ibsen and other classical dramatists find their place in the broadcast repertoire alongside of plays written specially for the microphone.

The analysis furnishes an answer to critics who suggest that British programmes are not good entertainment. A legend that the British listener is supplied mainly with classical music and educational talks could only arise in a country where it is impossible to hear these programmes at first hand.

The Spoken Word

In any programme estimate, however, the spoken word, which occupies much less than a quarter of the whole time, is sure to receive special attention. All broadcast talks are based upon three principles:

(1) They should cover a large range of tastes and interests, fair and proportionate consideration being given to the needs of minorities.

(2) Only the best is good enough for listeners; a man should be an expert to be given access to the microphone.

(3) Simple and effective presentation is nearly as important as quality of matter. The speaker should, if possible, be not only an expert but a personality.

The broadcast spoken word comprises the three categories of general talks, news and educational talks. General talks aim primarily at entertaining the listener without sacrifice of standard or good taste. Listeners respond to progressively higher standards both in subject and treatment. 'Highbrows' (in the invidious sense of the term) are at a discount. These general talks cover a wide range of subjects—books, plays and films, current events, politics and economics, poetry readings and outdoor life. Current events receive their full share of attention, but interpretive exposition by an authority is more favoured than a babel of voices from holders of high office. It is not the British method to cover a conference by getting all the leading delegates to speak to British listeners, many of them in broken English and most of them in non-committal terms.

Lighter elements find their place on every possible occasion, but the amount is limited by the number of speakers available. Englishmen are slow spokesmen; many of them share the conviction that 'those who know don't say, and those who say don't know'. Accordingly, the number of broadcast speakers who have captured the imagination of listeners is still small. The British listener requires more than brightness and snap in the speakers to whom he gives ear. He responds more sympathetically to the evidences of modesty and sincerity.

By amicable arrangement with the Agencies and the Press the B.B.C. gives listeners a reliable and prompt news



Broadcast entertainment from St. George's Hall (the B.B.C.'s variety theatre)

service, free from sensationalism and bias. It can draw direct from all sources of the world's news. Accounts of Parliamentary debates are brought straight from the House of Commons to the microphone, and events of particular importance are dealt with by the popular method of running commentaries by eye-witnesses.

Education

In education—both school and adult—the B.B.C. has been able to make a contribution that could hardly have been achieved except by a national service. Two large and influential Advisory Councils have assisted the Corporation in developing this work. In education the same principles have been applied as in general talks. Simplicity, a vivid style, freedom from the academic manner and an understanding of the listeners' needs are as essential as elsewhere. In this field the B.B.C. has pioneered by emphasising the importance of relating education to life and of ridding the term of any mere pedagogic association. By the end of 1933 nearly 4,250 schools were on the registers as making systematic use of the school broadcasts. During the same year more than 1,000 discussion groups of adults were following series of educational talks included in the evening programme at fixed times for their benefit. The quarterly programme of talks has achieved a circulation of about 200,000 each issue. Recent educational pamphlets have sales up to 34,000 copies.

Controversy at the Microphone

The brunt of American criticism is directed against two points, the questions of controversy and censorship. Thus it has been claimed that 'today little or no discussion of controversial subjects is heard over the British air'. By connecting this charge with the British system of monopoly, the conclusion is reached that 'under a system such as that of Great Britain, radio becomes one of two things, an instrument of Government propaganda or an utterly colourless and wasteful means of mass communication';

also, 'as a result of this stifling of any discussion of live subjects, the B.B.C. is deprived of the opportunity of rendering a great public service'. An instance of this supposed avoidance of controversy is given in the refusal to allow Mr. Winston Churchill to talk of India.

The general charge can be dismissed. Quotations from British programmes during the past fifteen months will show the absurdity of the suggestion that controversy is absent. Controversial issues discussed at the microphone in the autumn of 1932 included divorce, unemployment, tariffs, disarmament, currency and the British penal system; in every case these discussions took debate form and sharply contrasted points of view were presented. In the spring of 1933 similar discussions took place on Fascism, Communism and Imperialism; talks were given on Russia and on Karl Marx, as well as debates on the drink question, betting, blood sports, the Press and British public school education. At the height of the controversy over the Manchurian question, British listeners heard on the same evening statements of the Japanese and Chinese points of view by Mr. Matsuoka and the Chinese Minister in London. During the autumn of 1933 eleven talks were broadcast on political issues by leaders of the Government and Opposition, each speaker being free to select his subject and to say what he pleased about the speeches of previous speakers. These are but samples of the nature and extent of controversy in British talks today.

Political Talks

There are only two limiting factors in the broadcasting of controversy; one the time available, the other the known preference of British listeners. The former precludes the presentation within any one series of talks of every point of view; but, by and large, all interests and parties with any considerable support behind them in this country are given a hearing in one or other of the series of talks or debates arranged. Limitation of time alone

accounts for the omission from the series of political talks in the autumn of 1933 of speakers other than those representing the official Government and Opposition parties. But speakers associated with independent political groups have been given equal opportunity outside this series for expressing their opinions on current political questions. The voices of Independent Labour, Independent Conservatism, Fascism and Communism have all been heard within a twelvemonth. As regards India, the Corporation considered it desirable to postpone microphone debate on this momentous issue until such time as the Joint Select Committee charged with the preparation of material for the presentation of a Bill in Parliament had completed its task, and until space could be found for the representation in the discussion of all the more important views. The Corporation has already arranged that such full discussion shall take place as soon as the sittings of the Joint Select Committee are at an end, and that Mr. Churchill shall take part in it. In the meantime, he has already expressed views on the subject in a recent uncensored talk on the question, 'Whither Britain?'

The representation of minority opinions in controversial broadcasting is admittedly a difficult question. There is a point beyond which concession to minorities becomes impossible. A national system of broadcasting with centralised control reduces to a minimum the access of quackery to the air; for the worst quacks are local. If political and other controversy in Great Britain seems mild by foreign standards, the explanation must be sought, not in any supposed bureaucratic tendencies of the broadcasting organisation or Governmental interference, but in the natural reserve and moderation which is characteristic of the British people.

'Mental Background'

It is strange to find that the provision of 'mental background' is sometimes made the basis of criticism. Thus it has been said that 'a great deal of time is devoted to talks on purely cultural subjects, such as archæology, anthropology, etc., to the neglect of social, economic and political issues of the day'. This is really the 'controversy' question appearing under a fresh guise. It is true that the background is not neglected—and for the good reason that

beyond most current issues lies a long history relevant in the fullest sense to its proper understanding. It is certainly part of the educational policy (in the liberal sense of that term) to give listeners who wish for it an opportunity of understanding the past and of appreciating the circumstances and traditions upon which the world of to-day is based. But this is far from implying that the reality is lost sight of in the musty irrelevancies of abstruse scholarship. On the contrary, current social and political problems are kept well to the fore. In three of the most

burning questions of the day—unemployment, slum clearance and the saving of agriculture—the B.B.C. has been in the van of the forces stirring the public conscience as a prelude to effective political action. In each case special investigators were sent round the country to bring to listeners first-hand information which they could not have obtained so readily from any other impartial source. In foreign affairs it has been the same. Commentators have travelled through the capitals of Europe, interviewing the dictators and prime ministers and public men of one country after another. The B.B.C., it is alleged, seldom advances 'with any decisive tread into that part of education which covers the mental foreground of contemporary acute social and political problems'. Yet it was the B.B.C. which, on Armistice Day, 1933, took listeners within a space of thirty minutes to eight different capitals of Europe to gain

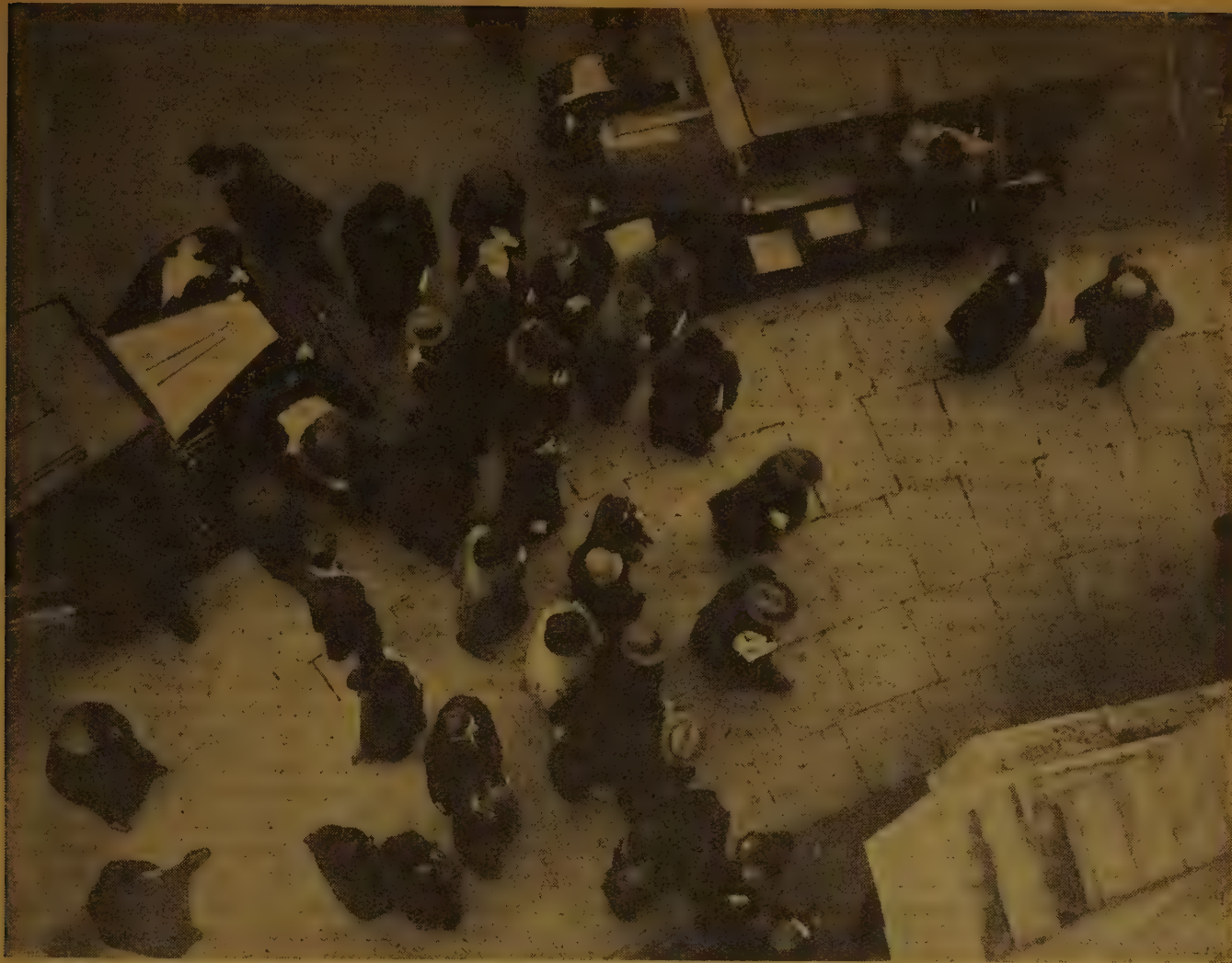


Televising a puppet-show

first-hand knowledge of the feelings and thoughts of the people of those countries. American life and problems have themselves recently been brought close to British scrutiny by the same methods, which have involved sending an observer 3,000 miles across the Atlantic to traverse a whole continent. Furthermore, for over twelve months the daily news bulletins have included short talks covering topical questions as they arose. Where there have been things to see observers have been sent to see them and to record their experiences at the microphone.

Censorship

There remains the question of censorship. 'The normal practice in Britain', it has been said, 'is censorship, plus the reducing of all, even neutral talks, on fighting topics



Busy scene outside the entrance to Broadcasting House

to a minimum of microphone time'. Now censorship as it is understood abroad is a myth in British broadcasting. It is true that speakers are asked for their manuscripts in advance, but the purpose of this is to provide for publication in *THE LISTENER*, as well as to enable speakers to secure from experienced officials the best advice on the method of presenting what they have to say. Preliminary examination of scripts is an essential pre-requisite of effective presentation of talks. The term censorship is, however, loosely applied to another form of supervision. This is concerned solely with ensuring fair play by the elimination of personal prejudice and offence or misrepresentation of opposed points of view in talks put forward as impartial. This is the bare duty of any responsible broadcasting organisation. In debates or in discussions, and in symposia to which exponents of widely divergent points of view are invited to contribute, censorship other than as a purely formal safeguard of good taste and as a means to better presentation, does not exist. In all controversial series there is no curtailment of free speech.

Contact with the Wireless Audience

British broadcasting has the advantage of existing solely to serve the public, without any intermediaries in the form of shareholders, manufacturers, salesmen or advertising agents. It is financed by those whom it serves. Every household that takes out a wireless licence becomes in effect part owner of the enterprise. There is no buying of time. There are no commercial distractions in the framing of the week's programmes. The policy of setting out to

'give the public what it wants' usually involves the dangerous fallacy of underestimating the public's intelligence. It is surely better to err in the other direction. Error there will be. A new instrument is being handled, a new technique developed. Not perfection, or anything like it, is here claimed; only a steady effort after improvement, governed by the single aim of public service. In seeking to make the widest range of values accessible to the widest range of persons, some risks must be run, and some mistakes made, in the very process of learning. Only slowly can there be built up that vital co-operation between a broadcasting service and its listeners which enables it to function as a constructive agency of democracy.

The system adopted in Great Britain may be said to offer the following advantages from the programme point of view, which is the listener's chief concern:

(1) The broadcasting authority can devote itself wholly and without distraction to serving the best interests of its listeners.

(2) It can maintain programme standards which correspond with the true underlying tastes and interests of listeners, and without regard to commercial considerations. Broadcasting can afford to concern itself not only with the present, but with the future as well.

(3) The limitation of alternatives has this advantage, that the broadcast programme thereby becomes a national service embracing listeners high and low, with tastes and preferences of every kind. In providing a common platform for ideas, broadcasting breaks down prejudice and

ignorance. The wider vision thus acquired is potentially one of the greatest services which broadcasting can render to the modern world.

(4) Broadcasting gains prestige as a national service which enables it to secure the confidence of listeners and the full co-operation of other institutions in the community—for instance, in the development of an educational service.

(5) The licence system ensures adequate finance for the service; money cannot procure access to the microphone.

Correspondence

Too much importance may be attached to letters from listeners, and Britons are on the whole poor correspondents. Nor does the B.B.C. normally invite listeners to write; if they are content with what they hear, why should they write? But if a speaker doubts the popularity either of his subject or of his personality, a tentative suggestion in his talk to this effect evokes immediate response. The B.B.C. receives a huge regular flow of correspondence, partly dealing with technical matters, partly with programmes, partly with general information about broadcasting. Besides the postman, the telephone is another agency of communication between the B.B.C. and its listeners. During 1933, 190,000 telephone calls reached the B.B.C. from within the London area alone. And these figures apply only to headquarters in London, and are matched by the experience of regional centres. The American Association of Broadcasters suggest that the B.B.C. only receives two telephone calls a day!

Press Comment

Those who write letters or make telephone calls to public institutions are indeed a sample, but one not necessarily representative of the whole population. The average listener is less vocal and his tastes not so easily assessed. The Press provides continuous comment upon broadcast programmes—in fact, the serious consideration of broadcasting occupies more Press attention in Great Britain than in any other country. This is studied and affords some guidance as to what the public is thinking. But the circumstances of the particular comment and the character of the newspaper which makes it have both to be weighed. Interested policy is an ingredient which must be discounted. Again, those who write to the newspapers, like those who write to the B.B.C., are not necessarily typical of the population. The evidence of newspaper criticism, therefore, has to be taken into account along with other evidences of public reaction and submitted to the test of commonsense interpretation. It must not be forgotten also that the B.B.C. has its own Press, whose principal organ has a weekly circulation of over two millions. These journals, together with other B.B.C. publications, depend for their existence on the support of those who buy them, and their circulation, like the correspondence which they receive, is therefore an additional indication of the state of health of the service.

Keeping Count of Public Opinion

Knowledge about the listener is supplemented by the bodies with which, in virtue of its position as a national service, the B.B.C. has contact. The Councils which advise it on various programme matters are composed not only of eminent individuals but of representatives of societies, movements and institutions of national standing. Through them the B.B.C. is enabled to keep in close touch with public opinion as expressed through vigorous, if special-

ised, channels. No one of them alone can speak in the name of the average listener, yet many of them represent constituencies running into millions. More important still, outside the range of bodies which have direct contact with broadcasting in some form, are those institutions and associations which carry on between them the active social and intellectual life of the community.

Can it indeed be said that, with these contacts, and with the licence figures as they are today, evidence is lacking of the listeners' reaction to programmes? If criticism exists, it is certain to find its way to the Press. In *Broadcasting in the United States* more than a score of pages are occupied by extracts from British newspapers setting the B.B.C. and its programmes in an unfavourable light. Such extracts give a misleading impression. It is possibly to be expected that the B.B.C.'s own postbag should show as it does an overwhelming predominance of approval over criticism from listeners, but in the Press, too, any just appraisal of comment on broadcast programmes would show an immense preponderance of favourable views. When the *Manchester Guardian* expresses satisfaction 'that the control of broadcasting is in the hands of so entirely impartial a body as the B.B.C., whose policy is to provide wireless programmes which cater for all sections of the listening-in public'; when *The Spectator* refers to the B.B.C. as 'an organisation that is five years ahead of any other country'; these journals are not giving expression to isolated views, but to the views that have become almost commonplace. The verdict of *The Times* upon the B.B.C.'s exercise of its monopoly during the first ten years takes the form of 'a striking tribute to the enterprise, the imagination, the discretion and the vigilance of those who have developed it . . . That this great force for good or evil has been developed and administered so sagaciously, and with such a deep sense of responsibility, has not been the least satisfactory feature of our national post-War life'.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES and APPLICATION FORM.

	Twelve Months.	Six Months.	Three Months.
British Isles, through a Newsagent . . .	13s. od.	6s. 6d.	3s. 3d.
British Isles, through the Publishers . . .	17s. 4d.	8s. 8d.	4s. 4d.
Canada, through the Publishers . . .	17s. 4d.	8s. 8d.	4s. 4d.
Foreign and Overseas, through the Publishers . . .	19s. 6d.	9s. 9d.	4s. 11d.

Note.—Above are sterling rates.

Form of application.

To: The British Broadcasting Corporation,
Broadcasting House,
London, W.1.

Postal Order

Enclosed is _____ No.

International M.O.

value (sterling).....in payment of subscription to THE LISTENER for period of..... months.

Name.....

Address.....

Date..... County..... Country.....

State

The National Character—XV

Welsh Character

By THOMAS JONES

Mr. Jones continues the series in which, last week, Miss Elizabeth Haldane spoke on the Scottish character, and, next week, Mr. Maurice Healy, nephew of Tim Healy, will speak on the Irish character. Subsequent talks will give views of our national character by three distinguished foreigners—Professor Moritz Bonn, formerly of the Handels-Hochschule, Berlin; Professor Felix Frankfurter of the Harvard Law School, who is now at Oxford; and Dr. Karel Capek, the Czechoslovakian author

IN his introductory essay to these talks Mr. Nevinson told us that the English people enjoy being criticised and laughed at. Their sense of natural superiority easily bears it. This is not true of the Welsh: they are few, they are sensitive and, being intelligent, they are all critics. That I, a Welshman, should stand here to talk about the character of so critical a nation should be sufficient proof that courage at any rate may be found among its virtues. The English take their greatness for granted; the Scots proclaim theirs so loudly that you cannot help hearing them, while the Welsh—well, they are so very old and so well-bred that they prefer to talk about their failings.

Mr. Baldwin opened this series with a speech on the English character. When I read it, two things struck me: first, he said a great deal about the influence of the Romans and the Vikings and the Normans on the English, and he said not a word about the influence of the Scots, the Irish and the Welsh. In the second place, I observed that what Mr. Baldwin was doing throughout his speech was what he has been doing throughout his public life: he was creating an Englishman in his own attractive image. The notion that Mr. Baldwin is a typical Englishman is about as true as that he was a typical Prime Minister.

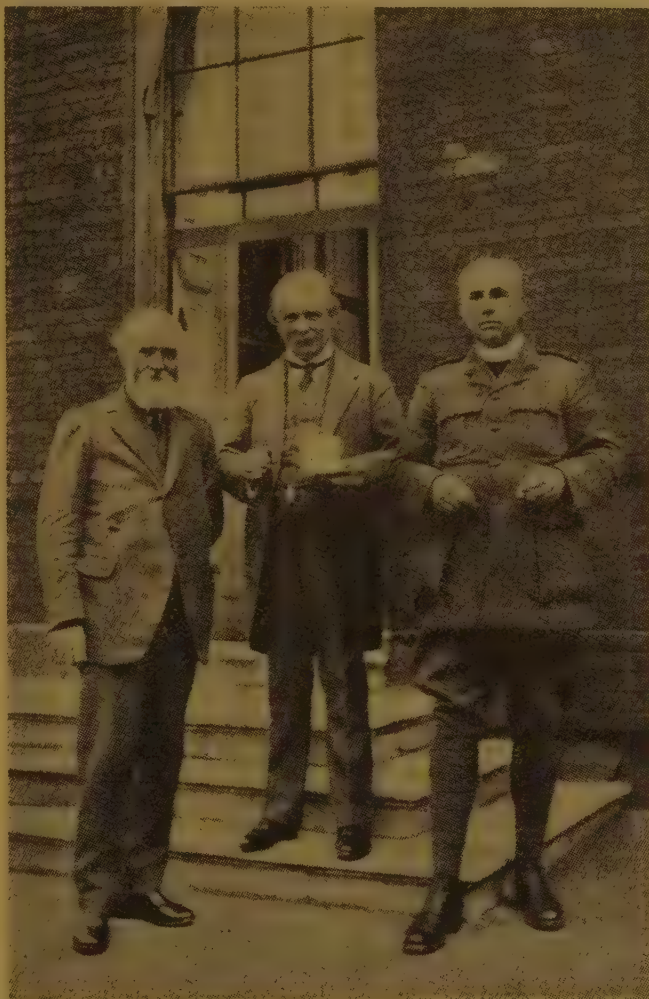
Professor Fleure holds that the populations of England and Wales include much the same elements, but they are present in rather different proportions in the two countries, the older elements being more dominant in Wales, but with pockets of these older elements widely distributed over England itself. But for this fact, but for this Welsh injection—infection, some would call it—in the English stock, the English of today would resemble more closely their Teutonic ancestors. In Mr. Baldwin's own counties, Shropshire and Worcester, there still linger traces of the old British settlers. It is the counties along the border which have yielded a harvest of poets, from George Herbert and Henry Vaughan and Traherne to Housman and Masefield and Wilfred Owen and W. H. Davies. The fact is, the English and the Welsh are a medley of contradictions in race, language and religion. The original ingredients have through the centuries been exposed sometimes to similar and sometimes to opposed influences and have at length resulted in the nations we know today. The pure and simple Welshman, like the pure and simple Englishman, is a myth. What we find is a rich variety of human character in both nations and also

such similarities of behaviour that you can apply whole chapters of Hardy's early novels, Arnold Bennett's *Clayhanger*, and Miss Bentley's *Inheritance*, to take familiar instances, and fit them into the Welsh scene without making essential changes.

Loyalty and courage were the monopoly of no county in the Great War, and strikes were not confined to Glamorgan, nor were profiteers. Employers who reaped a fortune overnight,

from ships or munitions, displayed one and the same desire for conspicuous luxury—a private swimming-pool, a pedigree bull, and a knight-hood—whether they hailed from Cardiff or Sheffield or Glasgow. And so with Labour leaders—they were drawn as often from the so-called stolid English, like A. J. Cook, as from the so-called impulsive Welsh, like Tom Richards. The innate equipment of the early settlers in these islands, whether called Celts or Saxons, showed perhaps less divergence than we imagine; the waves of settlers got much mixed in the course of the centuries, and the resemblances and differences we see today are probably due as much to history and economics as to race.

When I say this, I do not mean to suggest that physical types do not persist in certain places. And if it be true that there is some relation between physical type and mental characteristics, this may explain, in some degree, local variations in the manners and customs of a single county. So that if you ask me what a Welshman is like I must retort by asking you whether you are thinking of border areas with feeble types like those you find in Miss Hilda Vaughan's books, or of the neighbouring county of Montgomery, where both



Three Welshmen at Downing Street—Philosopher (Sir Henry Jones), Politician (Mr. Lloyd George), and Preacher (Rev. John Williams)

Welsh and English districts have produced more than a normal proportion of ability and where many in the eastern half have learnt to 'put themselves' into Wales and look at England objectively, or to 'put themselves' into England and look at Wales just as objectively. I must ask you whether you are thinking of a peasant in Cardiganshire, a miner or a tinplater in the south, a quarryman in Caernarvon. And if you choose the county of Cardigan, I must then ask: are you thinking of the south-west, where the people are easy-going, impulsive, ambitious without the energy to attain; of the Unitarian strip in the south-east, hard-headed and unsentimental, austere and legal; of the moorland folk, painfully frugal, reticent and suspicious; or of the people more to the north of the county, emphatic in speech, fond of argument, ingenious in their dealings with one another, keen and energetic, supplying many members of the London

milk trade? The Buchmanites, if they could talk Welsh, would kindle a revival much sooner in the lower than in the upper half of the county.

And so I could go through the counties of Wales, one by one, discovering differences due not only to the original blood of the natives, but to occupations and religious denominations, contrasts which make hay of sweeping generalisations, so varied is the human stuff of which Welshmen are made. Even these rough groupings for the county of Cardigan will probably infuriate the persons they purport to describe.

I don't know whether it is these infinite riches in a little room which have defied the caricaturist to sum up Welsh types in a single figure like John Bull or the kilted Scot. The comic papers are driven either to use the chimney-hat, imported into Wales from England and long ago discarded, or to interlard sentences with the word 'whatever'! It has been well said that Welshmen are always given either praise or blame, and never that intermediate treatment which is of the essence of good caricature; and the reason alleged is that the Welsh character is a blend of extremes, and that you cannot caricature a paradox.

You can compare the qualities of the race to the qualities of the soil. If we study the wind and weather which have beaten on the Welsh through the centuries, three facts emerge. The Welsh were conquered after a long struggle and have since lived side by side with their conquerors who are much wealthier and many times more numerous; they have retained their ancient language; they underwent in the eighteenth century a religious Reformation which had profound effects upon their mental and spiritual outlook. These three facts are the keys to the understanding of the Welsh character today as I see it, in so far as it differs from that of its neighbours: conquest, language, religion.

The first fact is conquest. Romans, Vikings, and Normans came to Wales, as they came to England, for good and for ill. And, in addition, we had the invasions of the Irish and of the English themselves. I cannot now tell the story of guerilla war and fitful peace, of provincial jealousies and disunion, of castles and garrisons, until at long last a boundary was settled. Historians say that the dissolution of Welsh society in the thirteenth and following centuries was due less to the deliberate policy of English monarchs than to economic forces. The revolt of Owen Glyndwr, around 1400, politically strengthened national feeling. According to Professor Lloyd, 'it is not too much to say that it was the experience of these fifteen years which first taught the Welsh to regard themselves as a separate nation, marked off from the English by the use of a distinct language'. The next decisive event was when the Tudors, who were Welsh, became Kings of England in the person of Henry VII in 1485. Then followed the Act of Union in 1536. The language was repressed, the monasteries, in which had been preserved the treasures of Welsh poetry and romance, were destroyed, and the leading Welshmen migrated to London and to the Court. The accession of the Tudors to the English throne was almost fatal to the old Welsh culture. In the sixteenth century the natural leaders of the Welsh people became Anglicised; in the seventeenth the Welsh ceased to be Catholic and became Protestant; in the eighteenth they became more and more Nonconformist, and in the nineteenth they experienced the full force of the economic and political changes which, at the same period, were making modern England.

You must keep in mind that I am dealing with a mere handful of people. When we reach official figures we find the Welsh still few in number, something over half-a-million at the beginning of the nineteenth century; and the recent census told us that in Wales today less than a million persons speak Welsh. The tenacity with which this small nation has held to its language and traditions is evidence of a toughness with which it is not usually credited. The miracle is that it has any identity and character left.

Conquest has meant law and order, but it has also meant moral and intellectual subjection and a divided allegiance. Living alongside an imperial power, the Welsh have displayed those qualities which are produced in all parts of the world when the strong and the weak, the rich and the poor, the many and the few, confront one another. Mr. Bryant has told you that the partial failure of the English administration of intellectual races has lain in an outward tolerance of ideas arising not from understanding of those ideas but from a contempt for them. On one of my earliest visits to London,

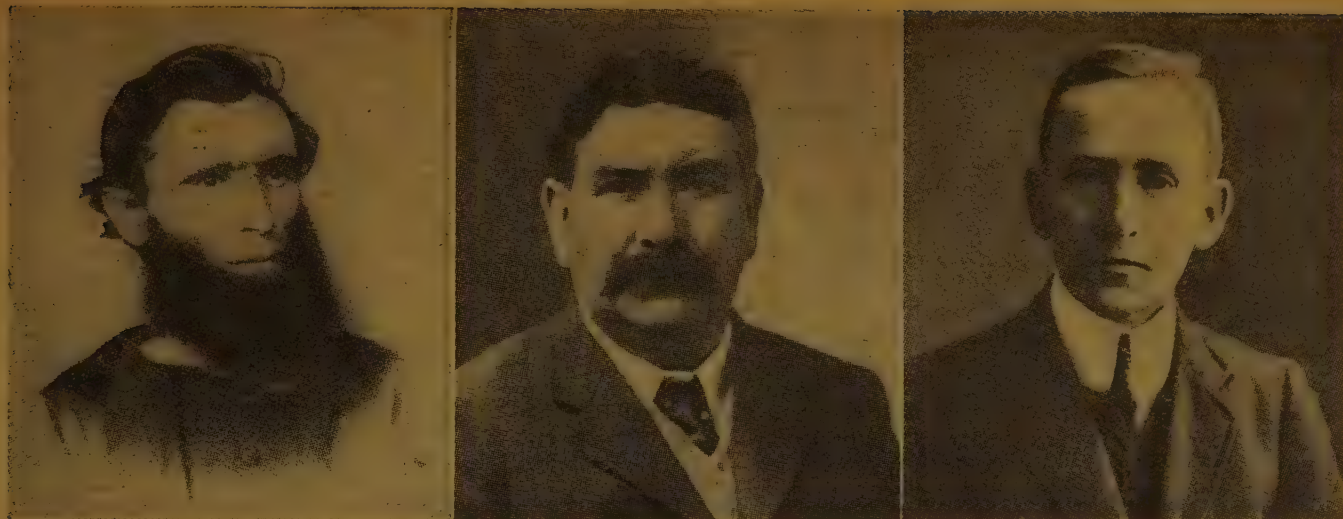
I suggested to the secretary of a well-known political society that he should issue some of its publications in Welsh. 'In Welsh!' he replied, 'I have always thought of the Welsh as a herd of Chillingham cattle'. This half-amused, half-contemptuous attitude is characteristic of ruling communities, as is also the habit of regarding as ignorant and untruthful those who speak in an unknown tongue.

The Welsh language has passed through every phase of honour and humiliation. It has survived one crisis after another, as if fed by an inward fire. The miracle of its resurrection from its debasement under the Tudors was achieved by the translators of the Bible, round about 1600. But it was not until the religious revival of the eighteenth century that the Welsh nation found its tongue and heard its voice cry aloud. I mentioned above that the year of the political union of England and Wales was 1536. Now 1536 was also notable for the publication of one of the fifteen decisive books of the world—Calvin's *Institutes of the Christian Religion*. Mark Pattison said that Calvinism saved Europe; it certainly transformed Wales. It provided the intellectual framework for a profound emotional experience, with results which reached far beyond the Churches, to politics and to education. It is now usual to associate Calvinism with Capitalism and to claim that it promoted the economic virtues which make for business success. Whatever was the case in Scotland and in Holland, in Wales it did more to fix the hopes of the multitude on rewards in the next world than on a fortune in this. Calvinism is the doctrine of the absolute sovereignty of God, the total depravity of man, and the predestination of the elect to everlasting bliss. Theologians tell us that it is possible to deduce two opposite conclusions from a belief in predestination. It may lead to a slavish theory of the duty of submission, or to the more comfortable deduction that it is the destiny of the saints to rule the ungodly. The former view—the duty of submission—widely prevailed among the peasantry of Wales already oppressed by poverty, and made for fatalistic resignation rather than for economic adventure. And the poignant hymns of the Revival, with their vision of the glory of the next world in comparison with the misery of this world, intensified the sense of present inferiority.

Of course, we have had Capitalism as well as Calvinism. Capitalism has affected the Welsh people not only in the ordinary ways of the industrial revolution, but also by concentrating the direction of industry in the hands of those who control large supplies of capital. This means the City of London. With rare exceptions Wales has enjoyed the benefits neither of a Welsh landed nor of a Welsh industrial aristocracy. And you may behold perfect symbols of this fact in Penrhyn Castle in the North and Cardiff Castle in South Wales; each with its Norman tower, one ancient, one modern.

I have now touched briefly on the social forces which for two thousands years have played upon the people dwelling in Wales. To claim racial purity for them is obviously absurd. Their one indisputable distinction is their language, and Welsh scholars claim that the history of Wales is the history of the language. If it be true that language is the very stuff of thought it is clear that the changing fortunes of the language must have had subtle effects on the national character. That is why the recent recovery of the prestige of the language is an important event. But it remains true that less than half the inhabitants speak the language. Is the possession of a Welsh character confined to these Welsh speakers, and must we search for it in its purity among the shepherds of Plynlimmon and Snowdonia?

A hundred years ago Hazlitt said of the English that they did not like to listen to soft music, or to make or hear fine speeches, but they would knock a man down who told them so, and their sole delight is to be as disagreeable as possible. The exact opposite may be said of the Welsh. They have always displayed a natural gift of ready speech and a delight in its exercise; their open-handed hospitality has been characteristic of them certainly since the days of Giraldus; and their desire to please has been such as often to bring against them the charge of insincerity and servility—the defects of fine qualities of sympathy and imagination. Much of a Welshman's talk is like the play of a kitten with a ball of wool, a tossing and twisting of ideas into a tangle of shapes by under- and over-statement, for the sheer fun of provoking slow and stolid listeners. 'Honest men are scarce; hardly so numerous as the gates of Thebes', said the Roman satirist, and we have been taught by



Welsh types—(1) Neolithic type; (2) dark, broad-headed type; (3) Nordic type

our own Dean of St. Paul's that veracity is partly an aristocratic and partly a commercial virtue. A certain amount of the charge against the Welsh arises from comparing the integrity of a Welsh domestic servant in London with that of the Governor of the Bank of England, and even Mr. Norman, it is reported, has to adopt various disguises in order to avoid speaking the truth. Lying is a sin which sticks between buying and selling. English horse and cattle dealers have bargained in Welsh fairs from time immemorial. 'It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer: but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth'. Conquest and defeat breed lies. The English are no doubt directly honest; they only depart from the truth for a conscious reason, as in the Great War, when their propaganda was unexcelled. The Welsh, on the other hand, are artists, deviously honest, and they give a finish and colour to their statements beyond what the occasion demands in the eyes of plain people. To quote an old Welsh saying: 'A thousand pounds in Anglesey is only a hundred after paying the Menai Bridge toll'.

This play of the fancy, this dramatic power, this mastery of a language steeped for a thousand years in poetry—these, like all the gifts of the gods, may be abused, and there are notorious examples where fluency has proved fatal. But, consecrated to the loftiest purposes, these same gifts were the secret of the great Welsh preachers who for nearly two centuries wrought untold good among the common people. And isn't there something to be said for the view that the most perfect artistic triumph of the Welsh has been the sermon, not the written version, but the total emotional experience: the village chapel, the congregation of born singers, great hymn-tunes, the preacher an instinctive artist, a noble theme, a rich language, the rhythmical cadence of the speaker and the flash-point at the finish?

The case against the Methodist Revival, as against all such movements, is that it stressed the emotions at the expense of reason; and that it repressed a gay and mercurial people and

put them into a strait-jacket. If the message of the Revival was to reach the multitude, the arts of oratory and singing could not be dispensed with. The Quakers dispensed with them and missed the multitude. At moments of great religious earnestness and other-worldliness the Welsh dread the power of the fine arts and of normal and healthy emotions. A

divided personality is the result. This conflict in his nature is, of course, not peculiar to the Welshman. What is peculiar is the intensity of the feeling displayed. The intensity of the Welsh temperament forbids moderation. The gap between promise and practice is wider than with colder nations because profession is higher, not because performance is lower.

Great oratory, fine lyrics, musical vitality, popular education, these the Welsh provide in abundance. They are all democrats and their love of equality is matched by their distrust of uncommon distinction. They are all humanitarians and in their feeling for the under-dog Robert Owen and Mr. Lloyd George are representative of their people. They plough short furrows on their steep hillsides, write lyrics rather than epics, tracts rather than treatises. They cannot stay the course for constructive work requiring unwearied effort. Their craftsmanship is below their inspiration. But there are signs of change. The discipline of University training is beginning to have its effect. In time it may achieve a satisfactory compromise between momentary intensity and sustained concentration.

If the strength of the English lies in their sense of unity and in their ideal of a team despite their divisions, the weakness of the Welsh lies in their sense of division despite their unity. They have founded no capital and lack its unifying power. Their aristocracy deserted them, their bishops tried to anglicise them, their religious zeal split them into rival sects. And yet, true though all this may be, one knows that to stress these divisions unduly does injustice to the continuity, the persistence, and the idealism of their national life.



A Welsh miner

The Colonial Empire—III

Changing Civilisations in Ceylon

By JOHN STILL

Part of a talk broadcast on January 26

FIRST among the peoples of Ceylon are the Sinhalese, whose ancestors came from India in the fifth century B.C. There are more than three million Sinhalese, and for over 2,000 years their religion has been Buddhism. The Tamils come next in number, with over one million, most of them Hindus. Their mother-country is just across the straits that separate Ceylon from South India, much as England is separated from Europe, and for twenty centuries or more Tamils have flowed into Ceylon as invaders, or traders, and nowadays chiefly as labourers attracted to the tea and rubber plantations by the fair wages and the healthy life. They come voluntarily and go home when they please. All Sinhalese or Tamils, whatever their religion, are born within the caste system; and, outside India itself, Ceylon is practically the only country whose population is organised into castes. Another parallel is the existence of a strong Muhammadan minority in both countries. Other Ceylonese races are the Dutch descendants, called Burghers, the Malays, the aboriginal Vedddhas, and small communities of various Indian races. In a total population of some five-and-a-half millions, less than eight thousand are British. But Ceylon is not just an annex of India. For twenty-three centuries the Sinhalese were ruled by independent kings of their own, and not by Indian viceroys.

How did this age-old kingdom—Lanka, it was called—

Portuguese this time. As the chief Sea Power in the East, the Portuguese required harbours, and very soon most of the coastal regions of Ceylon fell into their hands. But in the interior of the island a Sinhalese king still reigned. When Portuguese rule had endured, in round figures, for 140 years, the Dutch challenged their sea power, and in 1656 captured the fort of Colombo. Dutch rule lasted almost exactly the same length of time, 140 years, and again it was sea power that decided the fate of Ceylon when the English seized the Dutch colony in 1796. But in the highlands, a Sinhalese king still ruled at Kandy until the Kandyan chiefs rebelled in 1815, deposed their sovereign, and came voluntarily under George III. For 137 years, therefore, a part of Ceylon has belonged to the British Crown, and for 118 years the whole island.

Ceylon lies in an ocean highway. Ships bound for China or Japan, for Burma or Malaya, for the Dutch Indies or for Australia, touch at Ceylon on the way. Colombo, an artificial harbour, ranks among the first dozen ports of the world, and over six million tons of shipping were cleared from it in 1932. Ceylon's finest natural harbour, Trincomalee, was an important naval base until the Great War loomed ahead, and Lord Fisher began to concentrate British ships in home waters. Strategic factors are very persistent. If our sea

power were to decline, whoever followed us as chief Naval Power in the Indian Ocean would perhaps occupy Aden, as we did, and the Romans long before us, and almost certainly would take possession of Ceylon. So Ceylon's choice seems to lie not between self-government and British government, but between partnership in the British Empire and being subject to some other Empire of the seas.

Ceylon is about three-quarters the size of Ireland, and when British rule began, its population was estimated to be about 800,000. It is nearly seven times that now, and is greater than the population of either Scotland or Ireland. The Portuguese found Ceylon in a distracted state, divided by civil wars, thinly populated, poor, and unhealthy; but the extent of the ancient ruined cities shows that in earlier times the Sinhalese were a flourishing people. Anuradhapura, the old capital, covered perhaps seven or eight square miles. Its water supply came fifty miles from a reservoir over 4,000 acres in area. Thousands of ancient reservoirs are still in use in Ceylon, many of them restored in British times; but even



The gigantic reclining Buddha, 46 feet long, cut from the solid rock of Polonnaruwa

E.N.A.

join the British Empire? The answer is, through sea power. Far back in history, Arabs and Chinese visited Ceylon, and later the Romans did. Roman coins by the hundred have been dug up there. The sailing directions of the Roman fleet may still be read, and their ships kept on sailing down the Red Sea and across the Indian Ocean for about four centuries. In Sinhalese harbours, Roman and Chinese merchants met, so even then the Far East was linked to Western Europe by trade. But the Romans made no conquests in Ceylon, and after the fifth century they came no more, and it was a thousand years before European ships again entered the Indian Ocean.

The last Roman coins date from about 423 A.D., and it was not until 1505 A.D. that Ceylon was rediscovered—by the

more remain ruined and overgrown by jungle. The chief causes of Ancient Ceylon's decay were foreign invasions, civil wars, and malarial fever. Except for stopping invasions, other than their own, European government did little to improve matters until the deposition of the last King of Kandy brought peace. The establishment of peace was the first step forward, after centuries of decline.

Under the old Buddhist Kings, Ceylon's main product was rice, grown below the great irrigation reservoirs, 'tanks' as they are called. When the tanks were neglected, or destroyed in time of war, the rice crop dwindled, malaria spread, and gradually the Sinhalese retreated from their fertile plains into the mountainous centre of the island, where they lived in the valleys. The higher mountain zone did not attract them. It



The Laxapana Falls near Nuwera Eliya

E.N.A.

remained under virgin forest, not looked upon as a source of much wealth. Yet, it was the opening of this forest to planters that made Ceylon rich. Coffee planting began soon after the British occupation, and, from the wealth thus created, there followed, step by step, measures that rendered Ceylon one of the most prosperous tropical countries in the world. The Island was soon covered by a network of roads. Towns grew up along them. Harbours were developed, and merchants settled beside them. More and more ships were attracted: more roads radiated from the ports, and, eventually, railways were built. One of these climbs more than 6,000 feet above sea level; other branches cross the jungle-covered plains; and yet others follow the sea coast, through endless gardens of coconut palms inhabited by friendly brown people who live by agriculture and fishing.

So the old vicious circle—war, fever, famine, and a dwindling population—gave place to a new era of peace—planting, roads, wealth, and prosperity. No wonder the population increased rapidly. The nineteenth century brought to Ceylon material well-being she had not known for at least 700 years. But where foreign rule is imposed, however benevolent it may be, something is lacking to life. We who are so proud of our own independence should be quick to appreciate patriotism. In capturing Ceylon, it was not the Sinhalese whom we defeated, but the Dutch; and, nineteen years later, when the Kingdom of Kandy was joined to the domain won from the Dutch, the independent highland Sinhalese came into the British Empire by their own choice. That is an historical fact they have never lost sight of. The Sinhalese are a proud race. They are lighter brown than their Indian neighbours, more



Nuwera Eliya, showing a gathering storm

E.N.A.

like northern Indians, and they proudly claim to be Aryans—a title not popularly known in Europe until recent events in Germany. In Ceylon, the claim is very ancient, for in old stone-cut inscriptions, Sinhalese Kings style themselves *Ariya Chakravarti*, or 'Aryan Emperor'. The Sinhalese are a likeable people. They have charming manners, are dignified, though often gay, rather irresponsible, witty, sporting: they play cricket like English schoolboys, keenly and fairly, and that means a lot. The chief weaknesses of the peasantry are intrigue and a happy-go-lucky tendency to fling to the wind things that really matter in order to follow some illusion or to pursue revenge. Among the educated Ceylonese, of all races, many able professional men are found, particularly surgeons, physicians, and lawyers. Now people such as these are bound to be jealous of their status in the Empire. Not only the Sinhalese, but the Tamils and other races comprised in the term Ceylonese, are growing to feel that Ceylon's place in the British Commonwealth is as a partner, not as a governed country. Not that there is much bitterness in Ceylon. I don't think there ever will be, for Ceylon wishes to remain in the Empire. But it would like to feel that the association was voluntary. Patriotism does not always face facts. It is a fact that Ceylon has for 400 years been associated with some great Sea Power. It is a probability that this condition will continue. Does it follow, perhaps, that Ceylon can only become a full partner by bearing her share of that Sea Power? I may add that an Ordinance was recently enthusiastically received in the State Council which provides for establishing, locally, a Naval Reserve Force, to be trained for mine-sweeping.

Another thing to weigh against material prosperity is the decay of art in Ceylon; art in its widest meaning. There were famous Sinhalese poets in the past. There are none now: they read English instead. Their sculpture is dead, too. In the ruined cities one finds solemn stone images of Buddha; and godlike forms with cobra hoods encircling their heads; and figures of animals, elephants, horses, lions and bulls. More charming still are the bands of merry little dwarfs who play and dance round the capitals of the stone pillars. Now all this art is dead, or nearly dead. The motive has gone. Buddhist Kings have been succeeded by Christian Governors. Mass-produced commodities have ousted the artist, and even the

village craftsman, from all his markets. One may say that this is less our fault than our joint misfortune, but it was we who introduced into Ceylon the machine-made goods that ruined the artists.

Even the triumphs of the planters are not all one-sided. Clearing hundreds of thousands of acres for coffee destroyed most of the mountain forests. They went up in smoke, and denudation of the soil followed. However, without the wealth the plantations created, the rest of Ceylon might still await development by roads; so perhaps the sacrifice of the forests may be looked upon as a necessary evil.

On the whole, after taking into consideration the practical alternatives, I have no doubt that Ceylon's annexation by England benefited the Ceylonese more than anything else that seemed likely to happen to them. This brings me down to present-day politics. For the greater part of her connection with England, Ceylon has been a Crown Colony. The Governor, subject to the control of the Secretary of State, has been very nearly all-powerful. He has commanded an official majority in the Legislative Council, able to out-vote the Opposition even if all the unofficials combined. Alterations were made from time to time, in the direction of giving the people of the country more liberal representation, and in 1920 the official majority gave way to a majority composed of elected and nominated unofficial members. But in 1931, following the Report of the Donoughmore Commission, Ceylon was granted a brand new Constitution. Since then Ceylon has no longer been under Crown Colony Government, but has moved quite half-way towards full Dominion status. The suffrage, under the new Constitution, is very wide, and of some 1½ million voters over 600,000 are women.

Ceylon's new Parliament, the State Council, has 61 members, 50 of whom are elected in the way that Members of Parliament are elected in England. Then the Governor nominates eight members to represent minorities, and three Officers of State are members *ex officio*. These are the Chief Secretary, the Legal Secretary, and the Financial Secretary; and, including them, there are nine Englishmen in Council, two of whom won elections. Two ladies, one Sinhalese and one Tamil, are among the elected members. The State Council appoints its own Speaker, the present holder being a Sinhalese. The Council also elects from its members seven Committees that

elect in turn their own Chairmen, who become Ministers, and function, individually, much as Cabinet Ministers do in England, though without the same corporate responsibility except in relation to the Budget. Of seven existing Ministers, five are Sinhalese, one a Tamil, and one a Muhammadan. So the State Council has wide powers. But they are still short of what some Ceylonese demand. They wish the Governor's powers, the safeguards, to be curtailed, and the Officers of State to be abolished. Some wish these things, but others among Ceylon's public men wish no further changes.

One must try to estimate how well this new Constitution has worked. It is 2½ years old. There has been some friction. Ceylon, not being a Dominion, had no separate representative at the Ottawa Conference, and not all the agreements reached at Ottawa have, as yet, been implemented by Ceylon, although it was under the new Constitution that the principle of preference to British goods was first adopted. On several occasions, too, the Governor has felt obliged to use his reserve powers, the safeguards. But these incidents do not suffice to prove that the Constitution, strange as it was to an Asiatic people, has failed to work. The outstanding fact is that the people do vote. Even for by-elections they roll up to exercise their right and perform the duty of a citizen. Recently, by-elections happened to be held in Ceylon and in England at about the same time. In the English election 62 per cent. of the electorate voted, and in the Ceylon election 68 per cent. The next significant point is that this experiment, unique of its kind, has been largely carried out by men previously untried in the art of government; a mixed team of half-a-dozen races that began its innings at the most difficult time in modern history, just when the world depression started to upset everything. Ceylon derives most of its wealth from three planting industries—tea, rubber, and coconuts—and all three were simultaneously hit tremendously hard by the slump in world prices. The third point is that there has been no deadlock nor breakdown. The people work the Constitution and the Constitution works. Moreover, the statesmanlike measures proposed by the great tea industry as a whole to bring about international agreement, were accepted and helped forward by the Ceylonese Ministers. These things, to me, are strong evidence that the experiment has on the balance succeeded so far. Not, perhaps, ideally well; but quite tolerably well. While some condemn the new Constitution because it gives too much power to the Ceylonese, and some because it gives them too little, there is, perhaps, room for a middle opinion.

That is quite enough about politics. Now I must try to give some idea of the realities that lie behind them. In Ceylon, the realities are mainly agricultural. Most of the island's inhabitants are peasants who work in the open air, tilling the soil, and gathering the crops it produces. Ceylon's most famous industry is tea planting. Coffee came earlier in time, but about fifty years ago, coffee died out, smitten by a fungoid disease. The planters were ruined, and the whole island staggered. But the planters got to work again, and on the same hills where coffee had died they began to build up the new industry that was destined to restore Ceylon's prosperity.

In those days nearly everybody drank China tea. Now nearly everybody drinks Ceylon tea, or India tea, or very often a blend of both. The higher it grows in the hills, the better the quality, is the rule with tea, and that is where Ceylon scores, with its mountains. In 1932, Ceylon exported 252 million pounds of tea, to England, to America, to Canada, in fact, all over the world. Some of the wide mountain valleys, 4,000, 5,000, or even 6,000 feet above sea level, run for miles with hardly an acre to be seen that is not planted with tea.

Above one of these mountain valleys, there towers Adam's Peak, the holy mountain that is sacred to four religions. The peak is 7,350 feet high, and on its sharp summit a tiny shrine covers a rock that bears an indented mark shaped like a footprint. Buddhists say that Buddha stood there 500 years before Christ. Hindus call it the footprint of Siva. Muhammadans tell how Adam stood in penance on the peak for 100 years after he was expelled from the Garden of Eden; and Eastern Christians claim the footprint for St. Thomas. A splendid feature of this mountain shrine is that although pilgrims of four religions worship there side by side, they don't quarrel. I have climbed the peak six times, and never saw a sign of ill-feeling.

From this shrine, one looks down on tangled ranges of hills, and into deep valleys clothed with forest. Monkeys call from hill to hill, and I have heard elephants trumpeting far below, and leopards roaring. The whole area has now been proclaimed a sanctuary for wild life; the fine deed of a Sinhalese statesman. Down the far side of Adam's Peak, a rugged track falls steeply, and after tunnelling through dark woods where branches meet overhead for miles on end, it reaches villages 6,000 feet below the shrine, and so to Ratnapura, which means the 'City of Jewels'. This is the region that for centuries past has made Ceylon famous for precious stones. They are found in gravels in the ravines. Sapphires and rubies, and oriental topaz, alexandrites and beryls, tourmalines and cat's-eyes; and also corundum that knife-powder is made from, that brown dust being first cousin to the blue sapphire. Past Ratnapura flows a wide river, the Kaluganga; and through the valleys watered by its tributaries you might motor for hours among rows and rows of tall rubber trees, not unlike horse chestnuts.

A Sinhalese village is rather like a garden shop where nature doles out gifts. Most of the things of tropical origin that you find in a grocer's shop are found in the village gardens—pepper and pineapples, cloves and nutmegs, oranges and bananas, sugar-cane, cocoa, tobacco, and even the castor oil tree.

The enormous leaves of the banana are not only handsome, but very useful. Bits of them serve for plates that need no washing up, and are thrown away at the end of the meal. But of all these products, I think rice is the most beautiful. A paddy field is the purest emerald green, and often is terraced up the hill-side like a flight of gigantic steps. The heavy work in the fields is done by tame buffaloes.

In nearly every part of Ceylon, the villagers—both men and women—wear bright coloured cloths, draped round like skirts; and both sexes wear their hair long, and tie it in a knot; except Muhammadans and Buddhist monks, who shave their heads; but even the monks wear robes of bright primrose yellow.

All this only refers to the cultivated part of the island. Two-thirds of Ceylon is still wild jungle. Over the greater part of the North and East there spreads a forest almost from sea to sea. This great forest is not primæval. Every mile or so you can find, half hidden by the trees, an abandoned tank or some other sign of ancient occupation. If the tank contains water, it generally holds crocodiles. I once counted more than 200 of them in one day. Round such jungly tanks the bird life is marvellously rich: blocks of pelicans, flamingoes, white egrets, storks, all manner of waterfowl, and many kinds of kingfishers. The famous buried cities are hidden in this forest. The first I ever saw, 32 years ago, was a rock citadel, perched upon cliffs hundreds of feet high; and painted on the cliffs are life-size pictures of women, done by Sinhalese artists fourteen hundred years ago. But the old civilisation passed away. Its cities and gardens became a wilderness. Wild elephants and rough black bears roam among their ruins. Leopards hunt deer where monasteries once stood, and herds of wild pigs plough up, with their snouts, glades that once were gardens. In the rocks where monks had their cells, now live jungle cats, and jackals, and porcupines. And as for monkeys, you can see as many as ever you like, feeding, playing, and squabbling in the tree-tops, their babies slung like aprons on their mothers' bosoms.

More than one civilisation has passed away, and the jungle grown over it. Portuguese rule lasted 140 years. All that is left of the culture of the Portuguese is their religion. There are still many Roman Catholics in Ceylon; and in a few large towns a remnant lingers of humble dark-skinned people who dress in European fashion, who sing Portuguese songs, and who claim Portuguese blood, and sometimes bear names once famous. The Dutch stayed for 140 years, too, and we have so far stayed for 137 years. Modern Europe, since the Portuguese discovery, has known Ceylon about as long as the Romans did. Each period is but a chapter in the long history of the Sinhalese.

Will our transplanted democracy take deep root in that ancient kingdom? Personally, I doubt it. So far, in the world's history, the caste system has proved more durable than democracy. But is there anything else of ours that will endure? There might be. We may have implanted, through cricket and other games, as much as through our law courts, the spirit of fair play.

*The Far East—IV**Travel in China*

By JOHN SCOTT

The fourth talk of the series in which Miss Ann Bridge has dealt with 'The Chinese Farmer', Lady Hosie with 'Cities of China' and Mr. O. D. Rasmussen with 'Soldiers and Bandits'. Subsequent talks on 'The Student Returns' and 'The Meaning of Manchukuo' will be followed by five talks on Japan and one on 'The Far East in the Future'.

METHODS of travel in China depend very much on what part of that enormous country you happen to be in, but I will take you now on a journey from Shanghai out to the north-western borders, which will give you some idea of travel as it is in the North.

We leave Shanghai with its foreign settlement, its skyscrapers and its miles of factories, warehouses and docks, and we sail for a day and a night in a little British river-steamer up the Yangtse River. Just *Kiang*, 'The River', the Chinese call it, and it is so broad that for most of the day we can scarcely see either bank. But after a time it narrows, and we pass close to green watery paddy fields and big clumps of bamboo, with here and there a mud-and-thatch village huddling by the river bank. In the fields are blue-clad farmers working away with creaking, wooden buffalo-ploughs, or with long hoes, or heaving water in buckets to irrigate their land; and up some creek perhaps a flock of ducks being driven along by a diminutive child, carrying a long bamboo pole with which to hit the stragglers.

On the river we pass every kind of craft; trim river steamers; wooden junks with sails outspread and high brightly-painted poops, bringing cargoes from the far interior. Some of them have probably come down through the great Yangtse gorges, twelve hundred miles up the river, where the water rushes down between sheer rock cliffs two thousand feet high, and dashes unwary boats and men to destruction on the rocks, which are really dangerous. Splendid men, the Upper Yangtse junkmen, who have handed down the secrets of navigating these dangerous waters from father to son for generations. Now a steam-launch puffs by, towing a long train of small junks, lighters and houseboats, which have come to the river out of some creek or canal. For all China is covered by a network of these waterways and most of her inland passenger and goods traffic is still water-borne; in the shallow inland waters the boats are driven along by men poling or sweeping with an oar over the stern, or are pulled by oxen, donkeys or coolies from the bank.

In due time we reach Nanking, the capital of modern China, where we leave our steamer and take the train, in which we travel for another thirty-six hours. Railway travel in China is rather a lottery. On the few main lines you will find express trains as comfortable and punctual as any in Europe; but on the secondary lines you may find a train that has nothing but open trucks, or you may find no train at all; for when troops are on the move, as they perpetually are, they collar all the rolling stock within reach, and the mere civilian has to get along as best he can. For the first part of our journey we travel in luxury, but we shall be lucky if towards the end we bump along at twenty miles an hour in a hard wooden carriage full to bursting with chattering Chinese humanity, mostly cheerful country folk, with here and there a soldier in a tattered grey uniform, armed to the teeth and covered with belts of ammunition. The crowd overflows the carriages, and the roofs of the coaches are clustered thick with passengers, clinging on to the most precarious perches.

At last we come to where the railway ends at a walled city in the great north-western plains, and from there we must cover the next stage of our journey by motor-'bus. The motor-'bus is one of the features of new China, and wherever there are roads you will find them. In the north-west, roads of even the roughest kind are comparatively few and far between, but in many of the coastal and southern provinces very serviceable dirt roads have been built in the past few years,

and you can reach most of the bigger towns by motor-'bus. The 'bus bodies are usually wooden and of local make; no springs, of course, or cushioned seats—just a couple of wooden benches along the sides; the chassis are nearly all American, mostly Fords and Dodges. You cannot reserve your seats in a Chinese 'bus; you must take your chance of squeezing into one if you can, and when you turn out of the train, the waiting 'buses are already surrounded by a vociferous crowd trying to get in. Shoving and shouting are the only way to deal with the situation, and there is no use in being too polite about it; so, throwing ourselves into the fray, we manage in the end to wedge ourselves into one of the 'buses, in which we rattle away in company with a couple of dozen Chinese of all ages, an assortment of luggage, baskets of vegetables, and a number of cackling chickens and ducks.

A North China road is a very different thing from what we are used to at home. It is little more than a couple of large and deep ruts, in winter feet-deep in dust, and in summer when the rains come a quagmire of mud. On such a road ten miles an hour is as much as we can do, and our hundred-miles journey takes the whole day. Being the only main road in the district, it is choc-a-bloc with traffic of all descriptions, lumbering ox-carts piled with goods going up-country from the rail-head; small blue-hooded, springless mule carriages, filled with families and their household goods; pack mules and donkeys, laden with bales of cotton goods or flour; rickshaws drawn by straining coolies, who will pull you all day for a shilling or so and lose much face if you get out and walk, even over the roughest places; squeaking wheelbarrows; parties of coolies carrying prodigious loads, human beasts of burden who will walk a hundred miles for a pittance; columns of soldiers on the march, in grey uniforms and felt shoes, each with his umbrella slung on his back; and now and again a country gentleman on a smart pony, with his servant trotting along behind on a donkey. The road runs on for miles across the plain, and on either side is an unbroken sea of dusty brown and green, for the wheat, maize and millet are coming up after the long frozen winter. We rattle through several villages, each surrounded by its protective wall; a gang of bandits or marauding soldiers may swoop down on the village any time, and none is too poor to build at least a mud wall round it; very stoutly do the villagers defend themselves behind these flimsy ramparts. Most of the men and women go out to work in the fields all day, but everyone sleeps inside the village, and the gates are shut fast all night; no one who isn't looking for trouble would think of staying outside after dark, when only the robber and the bandit are about.

In the evening we reach our destination, and seek out an inn to put up for the night. Like most other houses in North China, it is a single-storey affair of wood and mud or rough local brick, built round the four sides of a yard. Along one side are usually stables for travellers' animals, on another is the kitchen and a room for the innkeeper and his family, while the third and fourth sides comprise the guest rooms. These, as a rule, are quite unfurnished, but at one end of the bare earthen floor is a brick platform about two feet high by six long, called a K'ang, on which one sleeps. The K'ang is hollow, and the space underneath is filled in winter with straw and dried manure, which is lighted at night and gives out not only great heat, but clouds of smoke and a nauseating smell. There is no chimney and often no window, so in winter you have to take your choice between being frozen or asphyxiated; in summer there are the mosquitoes, but you soon get hardened to them.



Chinese travelling coach on the banks of the River Etsingol

Akademia-Mondiale

The innkeeper is probably rather suspicious of foreigners, but can always be reassured by the production of visiting cards, those invaluable aids to the traveller in China; far more effective than any passport. A visiting card, even if your name and address are written in English, which no one can read, will always establish your *bona fides*, and if you take enough with you, there is nowhere you cannot go.

For our evening meal we have a bowl of *mien*—a coarse and rather tasteless kind of macaroni, made from millet flour—with vegetables of various sorts steaming in quite excellent soup, and a plate of large maize bannocks; if we want to do ourselves proud, we shall have a stew of pork as well, but meat of any kind is a luxury in China and is not often produced except at feasts. For drink we have that universal and exceedingly thirst-quenching beverage, green tea, with perhaps a small cup of warm *samshu* or rice wine. The meal has to be eaten with chopsticks—no easy feat for the unpractised—and a curious crowd gathers round gaping and passing ribald remarks on the strange appearance and clumsy habits of the foreigners.

In the meantime, other guests have arrived, and we have to share our room with a Chinese family, for there is not much privacy in an inn; but the charge is only about fourpence a night, so one can hardly expect much luxury. By the light of a guttering kerosene lamp, we spread cotton quilts—*p'u k'ai* they are called, and they are the only bedding we shall get—climb on to the K'ang and settle down for the night, huddled up with our fellow-guests. Neither they nor the K'ang are of the cleanest, and we shall be lucky if we don't have a visit from other guests too—those hungry and elusive insects that are the inseparable companions of the traveller in the interior of China. Through the night the silence is broken by the barking of pariah dogs, the click-clack of a mah-jong party in the next room, and a wandering blind fiddler out in the street, scraping a plaintive tune on his one-stringed instrument.

We have come to the end of the motor road now, and ahead lie the high north-western mountains. A year ago we should have had to cross them on mules and hire a military escort to

keep us company, for they are full of bandits, and an unescorted foreign traveller stands a poor chance of getting through. But now there is the new aeroplane service, a German venture which is one day, they say, to be extended across Turkestan and Siberia to Europe. So we fly over the mountains, covering, in under four hours, a journey that would take three weeks on a mule. Air services are being started all over China, which, with its long distances and slow methods of land transport, is particularly suited to them; and the Chinese are becoming as air-minded as anybody. We come to earth at a city in the barren north-western uplands, with the deserts of Mongolia to the

north, the high snow mountains of Tibet to the south, and the great plateaux of Central Asia to the west. This is the edge of China, a no-man's land where Mongol, Muhammadan and Tibetan meet, where Chinese rule is of a nebulous kind and Western influences have scarcely penetrated. From here onwards we must travel over rough tracks on mule back, or in litters slung fore and aft on the backs of a pair of mules; or we may brave the rapids of the Yellow River on a raft of logs lashed on top of inflated sheep's bladders, for the river is too shallow for boats.



Sampan on a Chinese river

By courtesy of the author

On the road we shall meet trains of lanky, grunting camels, ambling patiently along, with their loads of furs and wool from Tibet or Turkestan, bound across Mongolia to Tientsin and the sea; or families of nomad Tibetans, camping by the roadside in round felt tents; or a party of bearded and turbaned Muhammadan merchants, trotting along on strong little Turkoman ponies, on their way to do business in the nearby city. We shall spend our nights in Tibetan villages, or in the guest-rooms of Buddhist monasteries high up in the mountains, where the red-robed lamas turn their prayer-wheels and chant their never-ending prayers; or sometimes we shall stay in a hospitable Christian mission station, where British missionaries preach the faith in these lonely outposts, and a visitor from home is always made most welcome. Day after day we go on under a cloudless sky, for life and travel are slow on the borders of China, and the turmoil of our modern life seems very far away.

*The Weather House—IV**Reports from the Upper Floors*

By R. A. WATSON WATT

WE have got our heads above the clouds; we have been through a steady drop of temperature as we climbed the cloud staircase, 50 degrees F. on the floor, we passed freezing point a mile-and-a-half or so up, 50 degrees of frost about four miles up, nearly 100 degrees of frost just above the topmost step, at six miles or so up. It is interesting to compare these temperatures on the top landing with the lowest authenticated air temperature measured at the floor level, 126 degrees of frost at Verkhöiansk in Siberia, on January 3, 1885. The lowest temperature measured anywhere in the weather layer showed 164 degrees of frost at a height of ten miles. Curiously enough this was nearly over the equator; the ground-floor ceiling is highest and coldest there.

Going up!—now by aeroplane, or with the Piccard and

ground-floor records, for cirrus has been seen to be blown along at 225 miles per hour from the westward.

The most important of all the visitors from abroad we have already discussed; he is really the father of the Weather House family, the breadwinner and provider; without the solar radiation coming in from outside we could not exist, nor would our Weather House furnishings be recognisably themselves. But one of the early hints about the state of the fourth and fifth floors was given by more casual visitors, meteors or shooting stars. These random fragments of solid matter range from the common dwarfs about the size of a pinhead, to the giant of 130 tons or so that devastated an area as big as Yorkshire when it fell—fortunately in an uninhabited region—in Siberia, on June 30, 1908. Their flaring up to incandescence suggested that the air at about thirty miles up was much warmer than that at

six miles up; the drift of the meteor tails also told us that below fifty miles the winds in these upper storeys were mainly easterly, above that they were very variable, and wind speeds of 175 miles per hour were not uncommon there also. For the seventh or eighth storey we have evidence from very uncommon natives, the luminous night clouds observed from Berlin between 1884 and 1891, from Norway and other places in 1932. They tell us of an east wind blowing at 225 miles per hour.

But an exceptionally interesting story is brought by our own messengers, from the intermediate levels. During last summer direct evidence by *ballon sonde* was obtained for an increase of temperature beginning near the first-floor ceiling. The meteor evidence had demanded such an increase, but we weren't sure where. And doubts about the meteor evidence had suggested making definite use of a kind of messenger who had previously told a puzzling and rather unintelligible story. The reason why



Luminous night clouds seen from Norway in 1932

From 'Height and Velocity of Luminous Night Clouds observed in Norway 1932', by Carl Störmer (University of Oslo)

'Stratostat U.S.S.R.' parties—we discover that it isn't getting any colder, it has got just a shade warmer, then steadied down, and for the next five miles or so we have had a nice equable—65 degrees F. or so, neither up nor down. We have, in fact, gone through the ground floor ceiling, the tropopause, an invisible lid which keeps the main body of water vapour down in the turbulent troposphere, so that we have practically no clouds in the first floor to show us by their shape and their drift what things are like there. Nor can we climb much farther by balloon, nor can we send our recording instruments much higher. Can we discover anything at all about the temperature and the wind speeds up in the higher reaches of the first floor and above?

We can, by piecing together bits of information from different sources. We thought we knew a lot about it, but 1933 brought us fresh news which made our ideas come a bit unstuck. Some things we learn from the first-floor inhabitants themselves, some from our messengers sent from below, some from foreign visitors. The local inhabitants that we can question are the somewhat rare 'mother of pearl' clouds that sometimes appear at about fifteen miles up. They seem pretty certainly to be made of water drops, and they have been seen to move at 175 miles per hour. Compare this wind speed with the forty miles per hour of our surface gales, and with the seventy-five miles per hour which is the highest steady wind speed observed at the strato-cumulus level, say, at a mile-and-a-quarter up; 175 is a pretty stiff blow, but it doesn't beat

gunfire from the Western Front was heard in England appeared to be tied up with this question of how warm it was in the fourth storey of the Weather House. And so the scientific workers decided to use sound-waves from explosions as a means of estimating the temperature aloft. It is rather mean of me, but I am not going to stop to tell you how it was done, because I want to get up to the roof and back for a short return visit to the ground floor. But the result is that we are pretty sure that the sound waves from a big gun at Woolwich go up to about the fourth storey (you remember 6 miles to a storey; 25 miles up in this case) turn back there when they find that the temperature is about 80 degrees F., and drop in on the ground floor at Birmingham and Bristol to report this comfortable fact.

Wireless Roof of the World

Going up! Ground floor for weather, first floor for low but even temperatures, second floor, mother of pearl clouds and ozone—our stock of the latter moved down from the fifth storey just last year, but that is a different tale—temperature about 0 degrees F., winds up to 175 miles per hour. Passing the third; fourth floor for comfort, +80 degrees F.; fifth floor, returned sound waves and assorted meteors; sixth floor, remnants of sunset, and special displays of very rare aurora; seventh and eighth floors, luminous night clouds, winds up to 225 miles per hour, mostly from the east, temperature unknown, may be 120 degrees F., may be 1,200 degrees F., but 'sure hot'; ninth and

tenth floors, Auroral-Wireless Department, with annexes and extensions up to the twenty-third storey and beyond to the hundredth. Here at sixty miles up we have our main display of Auroral draperies, here is the region where magnetic storms are manufactured by other visitors from abroad, here wireless waves from long and medium wave stations find themselves striking a wireless mirror made of dancing electrons, and so get themselves turned earthwards again, to get mixed up with waves that have taken the shorter sensible path along the ground. And getting thus mixed up they give us fading, but they also give us the chance of hearing foreign stations which we couldn't—singularly enough—hear by the shorter path. And so the Lucerne Plan, and its success or failure, depend on things that happen in the ionosphere, the wireless roof of the Weather House.

Going down! Not stopping at intermediate floors. Ground floor, please inspect our stock of 'foreign fancies'—depressions from Iceland, anti-cyclones from the Azores, West Indian cyclones, Chinese typhoons, Indian monsoons, land and sea breezes; our stock is always changing, come and inspect.

Vorticists and Frontists

Well, then, this deep depression over Iceland business. What has Iceland got to do with taking your umbrella to the office tomorrow? How could they tell you in the First News one Saturday that Monday was likely to be an umbrella morning? And why one Saturday were they wrong? You know all this stuff about a red sky in the morning, shepherd's warning, and all that, but you don't think a red sky on Saturday morning is a shepherd's warning to carry an umbrella on Monday. Do these weather fellows get a wireless from America saying it has been raining in New York, and decide that the rain will cross the Atlantic in five days, or something like that? Well, *something* like that, but, alas! not very like it. I'm going to tell you next week, if my weather vane doesn't turn again, why I don't believe very much in weather saws and ancient instances, about red skies and shorn lambs, hay for the cold, St. Swithin's day, berries for a hard winter, and so on. But about this deep depression over Iceland first, please.

The story is best opened by telling you about the split in the great school of meteorological artists, whom I shall call 'the depressionists'. Faced with a map on which, by the help of telegraphic reports, they had put down the barometer readings, and the thermometer readings, and the wind direction and force, and the kind and amount of cloud, and whether it was raining or snowing or foggy or bright, which had been

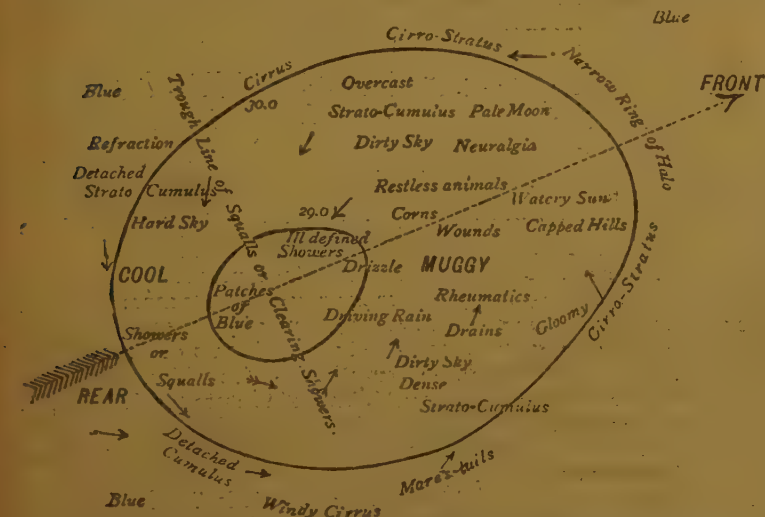


Piccard's balloon about to investigate conditions above the tropopause

curve through all the places where it read 29.6, another for 29.7, and so on. This gave them a series of ovals, called isobars, one inside the other, and they said 'This is the true picture of the soul of a depression, and this is the weather that you get in different parts of a depression. This picture, by the Hon. Ralph Abercromby (*pinxit* 1883), shows the essence of things. And unless we are very unlucky this depression with its load of weather will move along a track that we shall learn to estimate in advance. So we shall be able to say just when the cirrostratus in front, with its halos, will come over London, just when the watery sun will confirm this warning of rain to come; just when the dirty sky will give way to driving rain, just when the barometer will take an upward turn, the first streak of blue sky appear in the far west, the muggy air get drier and cooler, the steady rain give place to sharp squall showers, and bright intervals. And', they added, being optimists by nature, if depressionists by calling, 'if we are really lucky we may find these depressions showing themselves in New York, travelling, at a rate we may learn, across the Atlantic and arriving to time-table here in Europe'. The words are really mine, but the ideas are theirs.

This, then, was the creed of the early cyclonic or vorticist faction of the depressionist school. We were all vorticists pre-War. It is to the enduring credit of a very eminent Victorian, Sir Napier Shaw, whose eightieth birthday is just dawning on his still rebellious youth, that with the aid of Mr. Lampfert, he suggested that there ought to be some honest straight lines in the picture. It took a World War, with its rupture of the lines of communica-

tion, to bring the newer faction to activity and success. It was appropriate to the time that they should find their similes in military language, and so the Norwegian school, whom I have called the Frontists, appeared with their new language of Polar Front, Cold Front, Warm Front, Warm Sector, and so on, with their interpretation of the main happenings on the ground floor as a sustained and fluctuating conflict between cold air and warm air. Next week I shall try to paint this Frontist picture of a depression.



Cyclone prognostics—a diagram drawn by the Hon. Ralph Abercromby By courtesy of the Royal Meteorological Society

observed at the same hour at perhaps forty stations in Great Britain, and perhaps as many more in neighbouring countries, the artists found a region of low pressure with lots of cloud and some rain, and after a time they called it a depression. And since they were Victorians these early depressionists knew that every good picture was full of graceful curves, and that only bad pictures had straight lines and angles in them. So they drew a beautiful curve, passing through all the places where the barometer read 29.5 inches, and a more sweeping

Economics in a Changing World

By Commander STEPHEN KING-HALL

British Iron and Steel

DURING THE LAST FEW YEARS we have heard and read a good deal about the need for reorganising British industry. There have been investigations—official and unofficial—into the state of the cotton, coal and other industries. It has occurred to me that I am inclined to talk rather glibly of, say, the iron and steel industry, but that I should be pretty hard pressed if I were asked to write or say a few words as to what exactly was the structure, the arrangement and the general picture of one of these great industries. I always assume, rather gratuitously, perhaps, that my ignorance is also your ignorance, so in case I am right about this I will tell you what I have been able to find out about the iron and steel industry.

If you take a bird's-eye view of the British iron and steel industry, you will see, not something detached and detachable from the economic life of this country, but a 'growth' which is inextricably a part of the whole body economic. You will see that the industry derives its energy from coal, and that it is dependent upon supplies of iron-ore. The extraction of iron-ore is, of course, a separate business of its own.

The industry has a number of by-products, and in its desire to utilise these it becomes entangled with coal-gas distribution and the production of motor fuels, fertilisers and road materials. Its products are heavy and bulky, so are its raw materials. This fact means that developments in transport are of special interest to the iron and steel industry. In a very literal sense, as one can see by using one's eyes in our streets and countryside, this industry underpins a great part of the whole economic structure. It matters greatly to the builder of a block of service flats, to the railway companies, to the shipbuilders, to the engineering industries, at what price the iron and steel industry can deliver its products. I have not got time to attempt to go into any detail concerning the first processes in the industry and must content myself by saying that iron-ore, with the aid of coke and limestone, is converted into pig-iron, some qualities of which are used for foundry and forge work whilst other qualities are used for steel making. The pig-iron in the latter case is usually converted into steel ingots by what is known as the open hearth process. I know, of course, that scrap is also used for the making of steel ingots, which are the raw material for a number of finished products divisible into about ten main groups. Here is the list: bars and sections; rails and fastenings; plates and sheets; galvanised sheets; tubes and pipes; hoops and strip; steel castings; forgings and armaments; wire; tin-plates. Moreover, you must remember that, with the exception of tin-plates, all these finished products of the iron and steel industry undergo a kind of fall in the social scale whilst they are travelling from the steel maker to the steel user; in other words, the steel maker gives them a pat on the head and sends them out into the world as his finished product, but the steel user welcomes them rather patronisingly as the raw materials for the job he has in hand.

It should be clear from what I have said that reorganisation of an industry such as this involves a great deal more than merely scrapping obsolete plant and improving the efficiency of management of plant which is to be retained. It also means that both a horizontal and a vertical co-ordination of the units engaged in the various processes is needed. By horizontal co-ordination, I mean that it is necessary to arrange for co-operation between all the units engaged in the same main process; e.g., all the makers of pig-iron, all the makers of steel ingots, and all the makers of finished products. By vertical co-ordination, I mean that all the processes from the pig-iron stage to the final consumer should be smoothly linked together. But even when the production side of the business has been tackled there is still left the question of marketing. It is no good if an industry produces efficiently only to see its costs to the consumer needlessly high because of bad marketing. In considering the marketing side of a large industry—and remember that we have chosen iron and steel in order to give a solid form to a general consideration of the problem of the re-organisation of large industries—we come into contact with such questions as the following:

(a) The distinction between the home and export markets.

(b) The co-ordination of selling policies at home and abroad. On this last point I might mention that much, perhaps most, of the so-called dumping which arouses such passion on the part of the 'dumpees'—to coin a word for the recipients of 'dumped' goods—is due to producers selling at high prices at home in order to sell cheaply abroad.

(c) Co-ordination with foreign producers in the case of steel. This raises the question of the relationships between the British industry and the International Steel Cartel. The Imports Duties Advisory Committee originally recommended a temporary duty of 33½ per cent. on imported steel, subject to satisfactory progress being made with national re-organisation. Later, this duty was confirmed up to October 1934, in order to give the industry more time. A first scheme of re-organisation did not command sufficient support in the industry and an amended scheme has taken its place and is now being considered by the government. It is too complicated to summarise here, but it includes provisions for levying funds for the subsidising of the export trade and for the buying up of redundant plant. Before we leave this subject of re-organising a great industry, there is one further thought to be left in your minds. What about the human factor?

There are about 300,000 insured workers in the iron and steel industries, to which figure must of course be added their dependants. When redundant plant in an industry is bought up and scrapped—and this has been taking place, to quote one example, in the ship-building industry—what is to happen to the workers? Of course in certain cases they may find re-employment in the same district at the same job, but in other cases the whole township may be dependent upon the pay-roll of a factory which for one reason or another may from a national point of view be redundant and surplus to requirement. Men and women take root in a district and cannot be—or perhaps one should say, will not be—carted about as if they were portable sheds. What are you going to do with redundant labour? Are you to say to a man, 'You can follow the out-of-date machinery at which you have been earning your living to the scrap-heap?' Surely that is an intolerable proposition. It is a commonplace of rationalisation and re-organisation schemes for members of the higher command of industry to receive compensation when, due to amalgamations, their jobs disappear. What about the rank and file who experience the same personal misfortune for the sake of the public good? It is not my business to put forward here answers to such questions, but I can properly request you to bear in mind that they exist and demand answers.

U.S.A. Exchange Equalisation Fund

AND NOW, WHAT HAS ROOSEVELT been up to? Opinions differ as to what may be the likely consequences of his recent activities in the monetary field, which include proposals—and what Roosevelt proposes Congress at present accepts more or less as a matter of course—for the taking over by the government of all the gold in the country and the setting up of an Exchange Equalisation Fund. The banks in America will receive about \$4,000 millions for their gold, but as in future the dollar is not to be worth more than 60 of its former gold cents, this means that the new value of the gold will be about \$6,500 millions. There is thus a paper profit to the American Treasury of about \$2,500 millions. It will be this profit which will form the assets of the Exchange Equalisation Fund. Although the President still sticks to his plan of eventually producing a currency 'which, in so far as possible, will have a fairly constant standard of purchasing power', it is possible to read into the latest American move signs of a tendency towards international monetary co-operation. The President actually said that one of his objects was 'to bring some greater degree of stability to foreign exchanges'. If Roosevelt is moving towards the re-establishment of some form of gold standard in which the dollar would be tied to gold, but tied to it by a piece of elastic, then we are approaching the moment when a decision of great importance may have to be made, and that is, what shall be the relationship between the pound and this new style dollar?

Music and Reality

A WELL-KNOWN English composer once remarked to me—it was in 1918, when many queer things were said—‘I have no use for any music that is not connected with some kind of human activity—working, dancing, worshipping, drinking, fighting, love-making, rocking a youngster to sleep, and so on’. I failed to convince him that the limitation of the repertory to hunting, fighting, drinking, and love songs, dances, church music, and lullabies would rule out an enormous proportion of the world's greatest music. He refused to recognise that the activities of the mind, spirit, and imagination may be at least as important as those of the body. Perhaps his outlook was influenced by the fact of his own compositions being almost exclusively vocal: a text that does not, sooner or later, in some degree deal with facts is a rarity.

The subject comes up again in two recent publications: Rutland Boughton's new book, *The Reality of Music**, and the reprint of a lecture delivered in the University of Manchester by Artur Schnabel, entitled *Reflections on Music*†. Mr. Boughton's aim is to show the influence of real life upon music (an easy task so far as early times and primitive races are concerned, as the only examples that have survived are songs and dances) and to demonstrate that the art today is decadent because it is losing touch with reality. ‘Real music can only result from something real in human life. Whenever an attempt has been made to make music without reference to real life only a-music has resulted’ (page 230).

But what is reality? Mr. Boughton devotes a page to the question, and arrives thus at the solution: ‘Finally I asked my nearest friend “What is reality?” and the answer came quick, “Things as they are”. The people of action have it clear every time. Facts. Things as they are’. But what measure of agreement is there as to ‘facts’ and ‘things as they are’? Mr. Boughton says that facts are what he wanted to build his book on, yet his communistic and anti-religious obsessions lead him to state as facts what can be no more than surmises (see, for example, most of the pages dealing with mediæval music, and his detailed and confident descriptions of the religious views of Bach and Beethoven); on these shaky premises he bases conclusions so biased as to be fantastic. Moreover, the musical works he discusses are almost without exception those with a text—songs, operas, settings of the Mass, etc. By passing over the enormous instrumental repertory his book partly belies its title.

At this point it is convenient to see what Mr. Schnabel says. Here is a remark that most musicians will probably endorse:

All attempts to associate works of art with the private life or the philosophy of their creators, a favourite pastime of biographers, seem to me both meaningless and dangerous.

Mr. Boughton's book provides many instances of this. For example, he holds that the ‘autumnal languor’ of ‘Parsifal’ has less to do with Wagner's age at the time of its creation than with the mental atmosphere of the period, ‘coupled with the fact that Wagner had been forced to accept a royal patronage, instead of the communal conditions which he had demanded for his work’. (That word communal, by the way, is never long absent from Mr. Boughton's arguments.) The point arises: if patronage enfeebles the creator, how are we to account for the fact that three of Beethoven's greatest quartets, Opp. 127, 130 and 132, owed their origin to a Russian patron, Prince Nicolas Boris Galitzin, who told Beethoven to fix his own price—which he did: fifty ducats per quartet? And Mr. Boughton's laudation of the socialism of Beethoven simply cannot stand up against the fact that a very large proportion of his music owed its origin to patrons—long-suffering aristocrats whom he sponged on and vilified by turn. Is music necessarily divorced from reality when it results from the patronage system? If so, the bulk of classical symphonic and chamber music is a fraud.

Mr. Schnabel takes an entirely contrary line to Mr. Boughton concerning what may be called ‘music for use’—i.e., music connected with physical and communal activities, which is apparently the only sort that Mr. Boughton would call ‘real’.

To Mr. Schnabel music became a real art only when it became emancipated, ‘sovereign and absolute’:

Formerly the part of a whole, it now became a complete entity, standing alone by the side of other entities to whom only one thing was common—life itself. . . . Now music did not cease being used in the old sense; it continued to exist as part of the other entities even after it had become a complete entity in itself. And here we have to form a new conception of music in order to divide the new from the old. The old is no longer what it was. Through the addition of a musical ‘upper floor’, that which formerly existed by itself becomes a structure of another category. It was art, even in its subordinate function, so long as nothing else made of the same material existed in a non-subordinate function, capable of representing the idea quite alone. Music is henceforth divided into different species, and of these I prefer to designate only one as art. ‘Applied music’ I no longer reckon as art.

And he holds that the emancipation of music—the establishment of music's autonomy—seems to him ‘the most original contribution Europe has made to the sum of human culture’.

Schnabel proceeds to define the differences between the first and second orders of music—the absolute and the applied. The difference is not (as some would expect) between vocal and instrumental, and programme and abstract (or absolute) music. Not all absolute music is pure art, says Schnabel. For him any instrumental music that ‘awakens extra-musical conceptions’ is suspect. A severe dictum, this; it would make, say, the ‘Eroica’ a less pure example of music than Beethoven's First and Second Symphonies, which are far below it in every way.

On the other hand, the presence of a text counts for less with Schnabel than we should expect:

In the song, oratorio and the Mass, words tend to be merely incidental. They serve the music, instead of being served by it. In opera, too, the text as such is not really a diversion from the music. What does prevent the music from being completely heard is the hearer's participation in dramatic occurrences that must be followed by the eye. Yet creations of this species are, nevertheless, art, because their authors intended them to have a symbolic significance.

He draws the line, however, at operetta, because, however charming it may be, it lacks symbolic significance.

The difficulty raised by this acceptance of opera is that the symbolism is extremely hard to discover in some of the most popular examples. There may be symbolism in ‘The Ring’ (and indeed in most of Wagner) and in ‘The Magic Flute’; but how much is there in the whole of Puccini?

Boughton and Schnabel do not see eye to eye concerning the degree to which music is influenced by historical environment. To the former the development of polyphony was a sign of the awakening of democracy: plainsong (always unisonous) typified the anti-communal spirit. But this does not explain the obvious facts that (1) the development of polyphony was a process spread over a long period and shared in practically every European country and so can hardly be identified with any definite political phase; (2) it was a natural and inevitable stage in the history of music; (3) a very large proportion of the finest polyphonic music was written by devoted sons of the Church (not all laymen), much of it making use of plainsong as thematic bases. Mr. Boughton's picture of the mediæval Church crushing the development of music is not true to facts: many of the most prominent experimenters and practical musical workers were in monasteries. In any case, the musical history of the period is too vague to justify sweeping assertions either concerning the attitude of the Church, or the social and political significance of the invention and growth of polyphony.

Schnabel says:

The influence of locale and the ‘spirit of the age’ on the work is minimal in comparison with the similarity between all works of art. . . . The undeniable fact, apparent in so many lands, that the cultivation of art flourishes now here, now there, decays again, becomes paralysed or dies—this can be explained only by the rise and fall of the demand, influenced to some extent, possibly, by political considerations. Historical events, therefore, may have influenced—stimulated or released—artistic creation; but artistic creativeness, a power belonging to all humanity, is latent

*Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d.

†Manchester University Press. 1s.

within it always and everywhere. . . . The nature and value of art works follow only their inherent laws.

How little the 'spirit of the age' matters is shown over and over again in musical history. To cite only one example, we see Bach writing the greatest individual corpus of religious music in an irreligious age. And when Mr. Boughton arraigns certain of the Elizabethan madrigalists for writing three hundred songs, not one of them concerned with real work, and quite uninfluenced by famine and other distresses of the time, he forgets that a composer naturally chooses a subject that most readily evokes the creative faculty, and, above all, produces a result suitable for the conditions of performance. The little groups of amateurs that indulged their fancy for music by singing madrigals would hardly have spent an evening

singing about famine. To them, as to many of us today, music offered one of the few avenues of escape from the realities of which we have more than our fill. And so we come to the conclusion that after all (and granting the truth of Mr. Boughton's suggestive remark that 'music needs the cross-fertilisation of real life to keep it vigorous') it may well prove that the most real music of all is that which has only the minimum of connection with 'facts' and 'things as they are'. To this category belong nine-tenths of the finest instrumental music ever written—music not accounted for by any theorising as to reality, and (dislike the fact as we may, we cannot escape it) in most cases owing its origin to political conditions the very reverse of communistic.

HARVEY GRACE

The Navy in and after the Great War

(Continued from page 194)

there is no possibility of their making an attack upon this, or any other country of the Empire, by air, but that are well able to injure our distant interests on land and sea. This country has accepted obligations to help others. It can help no one if it cannot defend itself. It is rash to assert our determination to fulfil these contracts when, at the first breath of our intervention, we may be cut off from our essential supplies.

Abolition of the Submarine?

Turning to the submarine, she has developed since the War and we see Foreign Powers with large flotillas. There is no question that our experience in 1918 showed us how to meet the principal danger to which this type of torpedo craft exposes us. We met it effectively by convoy. But convoy was possible only when we had a large number of fast small surface vessels. We began the War with over 200. We ended with over 400. The Treaty we signed in London confines us to a tonnage which will provide hardly more than half that insufficient number with which we began to meet the menace. Some Powers, it is true, have engaged not to employ submarines against trading ships as they were employed in 1917 and 1918. But others have not.

The abolition of the submarine has been proposed by this country but rejected by others. This rejection seems to me most unwise. It is not out of place to remember that when 'equality of status' is accorded to, or taken by, Germany, that equality will include the right to possess submarines, if other Powers have them. For myself, I fail entirely to see that this can be of the smallest advantage to any Powers in the world, and a very positive disadvantage to at least one of those Powers which has most resolutely opposed the abolition of the submarine. I am convinced that the security of no Power would be reduced by the abolition.

The third principal change since the War is the development of the so-called 'destroyer'. What was a comparatively small vessel of 250 tons, of restricted sea-keeping power, brought originally into existence for the specific purpose of defence against surface torpedo craft, and used later for defence against submarine torpedo craft, has grown into a more powerful and still faster craft with greater range of action: and she has grown in numbers because of the submarine. We have in consequence a new sea-cavalry capable of making swift and wide sweeping movements in large bodies. No greater mistake could be made than that of thinking of a future sea-struggle solely in the retrospective terms of the under-water torpedo boat of 1917 and 1918 and the prospective terms of the winged torpedo boat. Whether these continue to exist or not, they do not constitute the sole, or even the principal, threats to those communications in whose integrity our power to help others and our own existence lies. There are also those 'destroyers'—small fast cruisers, they really are—which are capable of going to sea in all weathers, of operating swiftly in masses, no longer merely torpedo-boat destroyers, but potential commerce destroyers.

Have the new instruments rendered it impossible for us to defend ourselves or to bring that pressure on a common enemy which has played so important a part in the remoter and recent past? I think not. Opinions among seamen differ as to the to-morrow and size which 'the ship' should take, my own being that they can be far smaller than those of today: but large or small, there is no doubt in the minds of the experienced seamen of any

country in the world that the surface ship is the final arbiter. An adequate Navy is as essential to this country as it has ever been. What, then, does 'adequate' mean? It means that its units are strong enough to meet the units of other navies and numerous enough to be distributed singly or in masses in all the many places in which they are required. If those conditions are fulfilled, the Navy will continue to be the deterrent to war it has always been. But if in spite of the existence of a Navy adequate to its tasks, its influence is foolishly underrated, as it was in 1914, and war does take place, then it will serve its purpose of guarding the country against the great danger of isolation, prevent invasion, and, if properly used, reduce both the will and the power of the disturber of the peace of the world.

We regret that there should have been a slip in the printing of Sir Herbert Richmond's first talk on the Navy, reproduced in our issue of January 17. Speaking of the Navy in the Napoleonic Wars, he actually said—'It seems to me that possession of this great instrument during the period of conflicting interests *never* served as a temptation to British statesmen to encroach upon the rights, the interests or the possessions of their neighbours': unfortunately in the report the *never* was omitted.

The programmes for the spring term's broadcasts to schools have now been published. They cover modern languages, history, general science and music. As an aid to language-teaching broadcasting has already proved a great success. Forced to rely on his ear alone, the pupil learns to hear accurately and has a chance to test his comprehension of the living language. Both the French and German programmes provide a wide variety and the pupils are called upon to take an active share in every part of the lessons, by repeating simple phrases, sentences and easy verses of poetry and by joining in the singing of French or German songs. Four courses have been made available for history teachers. Their general intention is not to provide chronological summaries but material that may be used as supplementary to class instruction. Thus the talks on British history will sometimes take the form of talks, sometimes of stories and sometimes of plays. As much as possible contemporary documents will be used, with the object of giving a concrete realisation of people, things and events. Besides British History, there will be courses on Life and Work in the British Empire and World History, while the interesting experiment called Tracing History Backwards will be continued. The latter is the result of collaboration between a specialist in modern affairs, Commander Stephen King-Hall, and a teacher of history, Mr. K. C. Boswell. One week a modern problem will be discussed and explained and in the following week the development of that problem will be traced back through history. The two courses in general science on How Life is Lived and Science and Agriculture aim at presenting man in the process of adapting himself to his environment. For music teachers a special Music Handbook has been published, which contains all the material for the year's work 1933-4. In addition, there is an ordinary pupils' programme for the spring term's work. One further pamphlet should be mentioned, that containing readings, talks and dialogues in foreign languages, called Talks for Older Pupils. With the exception of the Music Handbook for Teachers, which is 7d. post free, each of the other pamphlets cost 2d. post free.

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns

Whither Britain?

I was not surprised to hear Mr. Winston Churchill call Mr. Wells a visionary, but in common with so many others, and especially the younger generation, I am beginning to doubt the efficacy of the opposite type of mentality—the purely objective—to give the nation the lead it requires. Of eloquence and physical force we have had quite enough, and are seeking for something more powerful and effective to bring us out of our present state. It must essentially be a unifying force, and with all due respect and admiration for Mr. Churchill's executive gifts, I believe, by virtue of its being closer in touch with a dynamic governing principle, a little child could give a better lead in the right direction.

Mr. Churchill states: 'We have nothing to trust to for our lives'. My denial to this statement is confirmed to me nearly every Sunday evening through my wireless receiver: Is all I hear in this way moonshine, or is Mr. Churchill right? It is not difficult to see that the reasoning faculty limited entirely to objective premises breaks down when it comes to a difficult pass. The point is easily put: Mr. Churchill stated that the interest of the British Empire and of our island is peace, but advocated at the same time a stronger spirit of nationalism. The two statements are irreconcilable. The interdependence of nations necessitates a common motive for the mutual welfare of their peoples, but the underlying motives, mainly economic, in all forms of nationalism, constituting as they do a state of incessant war, are barriers to the desired end. So long as these separate nationalistic motives persist, so long will the negativity as expressed by fear though our armed forces keep us down, for these motives when inflamed by popular prejudice and passion cannot be restrained by diplomacy. How empty in view of this truth does Mr. Churchill's statement sound: 'A wise foreign policy should keep us from war'. A new spirit with a wider sense of values calls out against this trifling.

If there is a nation in the world today that by its native power and position can give a world lead, it is our own, and for our preservation as a nation it is essential that we should give it. Fear is the cause of all the trouble. It is a sense-creation and a natural protective instinct, but there is also in us a higher protective spiritual understanding in which fear is put away. It is towards this understanding and all that it implies that we are moving through the present external confusion. The shell of patriotism that has concentrated, protected, and given form to our genius and our energy is being nibbled at by the life within, desiring greater life and liberty. Let us by all means acknowledge those who have in the past protected the shell, but at the same time see that we do not make it an end in itself. Let us go on nibbling that we may not be shell-bound.

Chichester

A. W. BERRY

Mr. H. G. Wells, in his broadcast 'Whither Britain?' quite rightly claims to have been a successful prophet on several occasions, but he—or rather may I say, we—should do less than justice not to recognise the prophetic ability of his illustrious literary confrère, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who, in his story 'As Easy As A.B.C.', not only imagines an International Air Force in action, but describes how it brings a recalcitrant section of the world's populace into line by the simple application of large doses of noise and light—a method which must be admitted to be not only feasible but far more humane than bombs and poison gas.

Maidstone

F. H. ROWCROFT

There has recently been ample evidence that the younger generation at the universities is conscientiously opposed to war and is not likely to be influenced by Mr. Winston Churchill's description of 'a type of young man nursed in freedom, intelligent and keen-eyed, who will do all that is required of him'. In its display of the false propaganda, civil distress, hatred and famine of the last War, the Cambridge Anti-War Exhibition shows pictures of the shattered remains of soldiers. Was this all that was required of them? Or does Mr. Churchill really think that our continental neighbours will share his belief that his projected air-force is a purely defensive weapon?

Manchester

W. ROBINSON

Noise Abatement

I wish to congratulate you on the magnificent effort you made, in your issue of January 10, against unnecessary noise. I can only differ on one point, made in reference to aeroplanes—that it is useless to reduce one noise without reducing the other in proportion. Surely two noises are worse than one, and in any case if the noise of the exhaust be removed, as it most certainly can be, the problem of silencing the propeller can be much more satisfactorily investigated. Personally I am most sceptical about the statement so often made by aeronautical experts, that the propeller makes as much noise as the exhaust. It savours too much of the fictitious statements which have frequently been made by motor-cycle manufacturers in the past. One of their stunts which I remember was to say that one could not reasonably expect an air-cooled engine to have as quiet an exhaust as a water-cooled engine.

Halifax

H. WHITAKER

Opera Today

If Mr. Toye wrote his article on 'Covent Garden Opera' merely in order to re-assert that contemporary operas have not had the same number of productions on the continental stage as 'Tristan' and 'Aida', then there is nothing more to be said. But if he meant to draw the conclusion that contemporary opera is therefore inferior and unworthy of production, there would seem to be grounds for disagreement. From the point of view of their box-office success, contemporary operas may not be the most desirable for production. But if opera is to be regarded as an aristocratic luxury, as Mr. Toye puts it, or even merely as a cultural necessity, as I should prefer to regard it, then the number of performances to be expected can have no bearing on the desirability or otherwise of including operas in a repertoire. Mr. Toye may rest assured, however, that most of the works which I mentioned have been performed sufficiently often to obviate any financial risk in their production.

As for my authority for stating that opera, as we know it today, is a product of middle-class liberalism, that lies clearly written in the history of opera itself. In the middle of the seventeenth century, the practice of charging for admission was introduced in Italy and from there travelled triumphantly to Germany, Austria, France and England. Since the Renaissance, the Reformation and the French Revolution, the material for operatic libretti has been increasingly taken from middle-class life. In Italy, Austria, Germany and France, there is no more popular form of art than opera. And since the rise of middle-class liberalism, i.e., for the last 150 years, opera has become a commodity on the market like any other, and composers have endeavoured to sell it as such, though if everyone held the same opinion as Mr. Toye, they would do better to put up the shutters at once, and either go into a more remunerative profession or go under altogether.

London, N.W. 3

ERNST SCHOEN

An International Centre

In view of the attitude of THE LISTENER towards the League of Nations and World Peace in general, it may be of interest to readers to hear of the work which Mr. John Udall is doing at the Oaklands International Centre, Hildenborough, Kent. Eighteen months ago, he established the Centre in a large country mansion, as a hostel for foreign students where young people of all nations live a friendly family life, and as a meeting-place for internationally-minded people for lectures, debates, and discussions. This year, after setbacks, but with a steady balance of progress, he is preparing for an increase of activities in 1934. To set the Oaklands International Centre on a firmer footing, he requires the support of an Association of young people with international ideas, willing to assist in organisation of all kinds, and ready to utilise the recreational and educational facilities of the place, in return for moderate financial help. I advise anyone who is interested in world peace, economics, debating, modern languages, folk-dancing, camping and sport of all kinds, to communicate with Mr. Udall at the Centre without delay.

Dartford

LAURENCE D. HILLS

Oxford Movements of Today

Mr. Derek Kahn attacks me for trying to prove that activities common to junior members of different Universities are 'peculiar to Oxford'. I said, 'They seem peculiar to Oxford . . . the other residential University does not seem to share them'. Mr. Kahn is wrong in deducing from these words that I regarded semblance as fact. They were a way of putting a question I had been asked to answer. I gave reasons why Oxford appeared to be taking the lead in them: the state of the country; the high proportion of Oxford men who are inclined to meddle in politics; publicity in the Press. I said little of Cambridge because it was the intention to have an account of Cambridge activities in a later issue. I exaggerated when I said 'similar doings at Cambridge go unnoticed'; they have been noticed; but my meaning was clear. I am glad that Mr. G. H. Stevenson is in general agreement with my remarks. I do not deplore with him the undergraduate activities described as 'unfortunate tendencies'. I believe they may be an expression of vitality, courage and real feeling; their defect is that to experienced people they are often too 'theoretical'; their wide advertisement in newspapers is bad because it gives readers a wrong sense of value and proportion.

Mr. Kahn also takes me to task for regarding war and free-speech as simple questions. To an expert, of course, they are not simple questions. And if by 'simple' Mr. Kahn thought I meant foolish or petty, then he wins. I did not mean that. I was contrasting these two questions with difficult economic and political questions of our time in the understandings of newspaper-readers. To them the questions are simple: when posed they are at once grasped; there are more answers than one, but the answerers feel that theirs are right; and they have the simplicity of being eagerly discussed and tenaciously held.

Oxford

A. S. RUSSELL

The Pedants Join Battle

Your Canadian correspondent, Mr. Holloway, in your issue of January 3, makes some pedantic criticisms of some of your recent contributions. May I add some British pedantry in criticism of him and in defence of your unhappy contributors?

Mr. Holloway maintains that 'nite' is a common American spelling for 'night'. If it is, then I am surprised not to have met it in a single American newspaper or advertisement in any of the six states which I have so far had the pleasure of visiting. If the word exists at all in America, then it exists only in that dim underworld of distorted English inhabited by advertisement-managers and their progeny; it may belong to the hideous brood of which 'koolquik' 'sox' and 'eesielite' are members. Still, even so, I have not met it. Again, he maintains that 'in America' roads are not called 'parkways'. Unfortunately they often are, for I recently drove along at least three which were specifically so called on large notice boards. True enough the term 'parkway' refers usually to the wide and spacious avenues especially planted with trees and grass borders which lie on the outskirts of towns, and not to main arterial roads. For these the term 'turnpike' or just 'road' is usual. But 'parkway' means road right enough. Mr. Mais certainly slipped in confusing Acadia with Acadia. But Mr. Holloway does no better when he tells us that Acadia is in Nova Scotia. In fact Acadia was the name given by French and British to the area that covered New Brunswick and Maine as far south as the River Penobscot in central Maine. Whether Nova Scotia was ever included in the administrative area of Acadia, to which the French appointed governors, is extremely doubtful.

Brunswick, Maine

STANLEY CASSON

Cities of China

The interesting talk on the above subject by Lady Hosie has revived many pleasant memories for those who, like myself, lived in Ningpo and Wenchow in the days of long ago. Ningpo is a place of considerable importance, and like many other cities tradition records that it was visited by Chin Shih Hwang Ti, the first Emperor of China, in about 210 B.C. The strategical features of the city were recognised by Taiko Hideyoshi, the Japanese soldier and statesman, who, but for his death in 1598, would have attempted to conquer China. It is reported that he had fixed on Ningpo to be the base of his campaign owing to its proximity to the island of Chusan, which has always been considered the gateway of the Yangtse. The British authorities in 1841 were evidently of the same opinion, as for some time they made it their headquarters. From here several expeditions were sent towards Hangchow, which at one time the British thought of taking with a view to influencing the Emperor Tao Kwang to make peace. At the suggestion of Lord Ellenborough, then Viceroy of India, it was decided to proceed to Nanking instead.

One of the many places of interest at Wenchow was Conquest

Island, situated in the middle of the river opposite the city, and when I lived there had a pagoda at each end. It is recorded that the Emperor Ti Ping of the Sung dynasty (1278) took refuge on this island when trying to escape from the Mongols. The pagodas at each end of the island are, according to tradition, connected by an invisible cord with the city, and if by any means this line was broken the city would drift away and be destroyed. The same thing is said of other cities in China.

Saltdean

J. P. DONOVAN

Paul Klee

In reply to a letter in THE LISTENER of January 24, I do not think Giotto would have objected as much as Mr. Foggie to having his name coupled with Klee's, but that must remain a matter of opinion. The difficulty of Mr. Foggie's suggestion, 'that we should find some term to express and set apart from mere art such manifestations of genius' as Klee represents, is that we should have to include a great deal more than Klee within such a term—a great deal of oriental, mediæval and modern art. I have particularly in mind a twelfth-century Spanish illuminated manuscript which bears an astonishing resemblance to some of Klee's work; and to go no further than the pages of THE LISTENER, affinities might be found in some of the examples of Celtic, Viking and Scythian art recently illustrated. On the whole, it would be simpler to find some term to express and set apart the more limited and academic tradition of painting which Mr. Foggie has in mind.

Hampstead

HERBERT READ

'Fistral Bay'

Two crumbs of comfort for Mr. Guy Landon. (1) Coleridge, endorsed with approval by Professor Housman: 'Poetry gives most pleasure when only generally and not perfectly understood'. (2) Mr. T. S. Eliot: 'The more seasoned reader, he who has reached, in those matters, a state of greater purity, does not bother about understanding; not, at least, at first'. If Mr. Landon did not bother to parse, analyse and construe poetry, perhaps he would find more pleasure in it: anyway, he would be in good company.

Leeds

R. BUTLER

Philosophy and Beauty

Professor Alexander's analysis of the nature of Beauty appears to me quite erroneous and misleading. He states that the work of art is always material in the sense of physical, but to speak of the art of poetry as being material because words must be used to convey it is as reasonable as to call religion material because the preacher must use words to convey his religious ideas. Again, Professor Alexander argues that the object of the artist is constructive and to charge materials with a meaning not their own. The maker of a sausage-machine does as much. Also, the distinctive feature of the artist is said to be that he is disinterested—a question of motive. Are Morland's sketches, dashed off to satisfy a longsuffering landlord, therefore to be rejected as works of art? We are further warned not to be deceived in that art exists to satisfy the emotions. If a construction has never excited feelings of satisfaction to anyone, I imagine no one will regard it as a work of art. I would define art as the practice of creating ideas with emotional value. If the emotion is pleasurable to any recipient—or perhaps Professor Alexander would prefer it, produces a feeling of satisfaction—the cause is beautiful, to that recipient at any rate.

Bournemouth

A. S. HAMMOND

Scientific Terms and Clear Thinking

The very interesting drawings reproduced in THE LISTENER showing Mr. Besterman's experiment with the 'medium' remind me of the criticism passed by an eminent French physiologist on similar experiments. 'The fact', he said, 'that the medium crushed the envelope between his hands while reading the contained message proves that the result is due to tactile hyperæsthesia' (I quote from memory). To me the most important consideration raised by this criticism is the proof it affords of the danger that always exists of our allowing scientific terms with their suggestion of authority to lead to confused thinking. There is no more valuable test of the accuracy of thought than its translation into current speech accompanied by the replacing of the abstract with the concrete. Would anyone believe this? 'The fact that the medium crushed the envelope between his hands while reading the contained message proves that his sense of touch is so acute that through the thickness of one or even two envelopes he can so accurately trace the indentation made on the sheet of paper by the pen of the writer that he can read the message'. But 'tactile hyperæsthesia'!

St. Fillans

DAVID J. McLAREN

Books and Authors

Books of the Week

A Quaker Journal: The Diary and Reminiscences of William Lucas. Hutchinson. 18s.

The Submerged Tenth. By John A. Bentley. Constable. 5s.

A Sea-Lover's Memories. By T. W. Metcalfe. Faber. 12s. 6d.

The Book of the Greyhound. By Edward C. Ash. Hutchinson. 30s.

Reviewed by I. M. PARSONS

ONE of Sydney Smith's most original and almost his only inhuman statement was that he would like 'to roast a Quaker'. As a matter of fact, I think he might have changed his mind if he had met William Lucas, whose diary and reminiscences have just been published under the title of *A Quaker Journal*. Lucas was an intelligent and not at all a bigoted man, a member of an old Quaker family whose trade, rather inconsistently, was brewing. This worried him a little, but he eased his conscience by saying it was surely his duty to provide for his six sons. Smith would have agreed I think. And they would have found further common ground in their mutual dislike of war and slavery, which both of them actively combated. Lucas in fact, like Smith, was interested in the affairs of his day, and in most matters took the liberal view. I say in *most* matters, because as a sound Quaker he was bound to believe in hard work and godliness as the only path to virtue, and any form of high-spirited romping, especially in the young, was looked upon as a sure indication of future depravity.

When he was fifteen, Lucas was apprenticed to a chemist in the Haymarket. It was not a very pleasant life. There were five other apprentices and they all slept in miserable rooms and worked like niggers. The hours were from nine till nine, and once a week they were extended from seven till eleven as a special treat. No one was allowed out in the evenings. However, Lucas survived and grew up with a strong interest in science. He went to the meetings of the Royal Institution to hear Brande lecture, assisted by Faraday. Later he met Wordsworth, and he saw the body of Byron brought home. His comment was typical: 'His death caused a thrill of sorrow throughout the community, for notwithstanding his vicious and wayward career there was a strong impression that he would reform and do some service to mankind'.

Lucas was a great traveller; he made a tour abroad, and he and his wife were always going off for trips to various parts of England and Scotland. Not very exciting material for a diary, perhaps, but Lucas had an enquiring mind, and his simple unpretentious descriptions of scenes and places provide some of the most interesting chapters in this quiet, pleasant, unassuming book.

And now I want to tell you about a book of a very different kind: a book about life today, not yesterday or the day before. It is a book that would have won Quaker Lucas' sympathy, and if Sydney Smith had read it I think he would have burst into print on the author's behalf. It's called *The Submerged Tenth*, by John Bentley, and it is the story of a down-and-out. I know there have been books by down-and-outs before, and, perhaps, some of them haven't been quite as—well, quite as genuine as they might have been. Mr. Bentley isn't that sort. I don't know any more about him than you do, but it didn't take twenty pages of his book to convince me that he was telling the truth. Like thousands of other people, he came back from the War to find his job gone, and no prospect of another in the town where he lived. So he took to the road and tramped to London, sleeping where he could on the way, in doss-houses, casual wards, work-houses, or under a hedge. But London was a bitter disappointment; there were no jobs and his money soon ran out. So he tried selling matches, then accompanying street singers on their rounds. But times were hard and he couldn't make enough to keep a roof over his head. So he took to the road again, this time for the North. But unemployment was even worse there than in the South, and after a short spell of work with a firm which went bankrupt he returned to London. He got a job looking after a coffee-stall, only to lose it when the stall was closed by the police because of the rows that the toughs were always kicking up. Then he tried selling toys; then he became a pavement artist. Often he went without food for days at a time—and

sleep, too. And yet he writes about all this perfectly naturally without any bitterness or any attempt to 'write himself up'. That is what I like so much about this book—its simplicity and obvious honesty. Not many people who had gone through so much could have written about it so unaffectedly.

I will just mention two other books which may perhaps interest some of you. Both of them are rather books for 'specialists', for people with a particular interest in the subjects dealt with. The first is called *A Sea-Lover's Memories*, by T. W. Metcalfe; the second is *The Book of the Greyhound*, by Edward C. Ash, illustrated with 120 plates. Both titles explain themselves pretty well I think. *A Sea-Lover's Memories* gives us in a pleasant, casual sort of way the recollections of a man who has spent most of his life among ships of one sort or another. The greyhound book tells you everything you can possibly want to know about the history and characteristics of the famous breed; so if coursing or sailing happen to be among your hobbies, these are books that you will want to read.

Mr. Parsons also dealt, in his talk on January 22, with Mr. Hesketh Pearson's biography of Sydney Smith, *The Smith of Smiths* (Hamish Hamilton, 12s. 6d.), which was reviewed in our 'Book Chronicle' last week.

Dust

Contracted to the compass of my hand
I hold a century of years.
Of that treasure,
Forty I can measure,
Pale skeletons of my experience.
The rest are legendary. I stand
Peering at my palm, and what it bears
Is but the chaff of other men's desires,
Husks of their wheat.
Time seems so long. It is a cheat,
Raging and passing swifter than straw-fires,
Quicker than thought can follow after sense,
Like treachery of water, or like love
That makes the swallows statues as they move.
But love is only treacherous because
Time hurries it with such confusing laws.
Time is to blame, not love;
Time with quicksilver tongue, that mouths
A passing mockery, making old men of youths,
Putting children in the place of lust
And ripening them, and ageing them before
The tottering lovers dare to trust
Such emblems of their passion,
And cudgel still to find some other fashion
More lasting than those children they once bore.
But they cannot. Their fires are but an ember.
Time has blown too swiftly on that flame.
Before they know, they find they can't remember,
They and their love are gone without a name,
Interred two generations' deep,
Without an answer, but content and calm,
Winnowed by eternal sleep,
And now a legend lying in my palm.

RICHARD CHURCH

Science and Dream

Exploring the Unconscious. By Georg Groddeck. Daniel. 7s. 6d.

New Introductory Lectures on Psychoanalysis. By Sigmund Freud. Hogarth Press. 10s. 6d.

The Organism of the Mind. By G. Richard Heyer. Kegan Paul. 15s.

FREUD'S NEW VOLUME OF LECTURES shows again those qualities of brilliant exposition which have made him one of the world's supreme teachers. Together with his original *Introductory Lectures* it is by far the best introduction to psychoanalysis. His basic theories are here stated with that unmistakable clarity which leaves room only for agreement or disagreement, and criticism may be usefully confined to a comparison of the broad outlines of his work with that of Groddeck and Heyer. Freud is a scientist, and accordingly takes an arbitrarily limited field of phenomena as the object of his researches. Moreover, as Freud's psychoanalysis is the science of the mind, an artificial opposition is set up between the mind and the body; and this cleavage is a precondition of all his work and theories.

Freud has opened up a new territory of psychic life in his study of the unconscious mental processes. These he conceives as impulses striving for expression, some of which never reach awareness whilst others become conscious only to be thrust back into unconsciousness. The prime cause of all such repressions is danger or pain, due to the conflict with the external world, in reaction to which every individual builds up an 'ego', whose function is to adapt the organism to 'reality' partly by repressing the more primitive impulses. Repressed impulses, however, retain their energy and continue to seek some means of expression. Their usual channels for the discharge of this energy lie in dreams, in fantasies and in mental disease—to which Freud adds religion and occult beliefs, the sources of which are to be found in our secret wishes. Such secret wishes originating in repression are common to the whole of humanity, now and throughout human history, in every age of which they have found a more or less enduring satisfaction by some system of symbolic beliefs, either magical or religious. Freud calls all such beliefs illusions and classes them quite simply with the neuroses and psychoses. This wholesale condemnation of beliefs which mankind still cherishes is questioned not only by the religious mind. For having demonstrated that illusions are universal and that they derive from the unbridled strength of ineradicable urges from the depth of man's being, to condemn them implies a subtle shift of emphasis, not quite compatible with the role of scientist. Instead of showing simply that the human psyche comprises illusions and reality, Freud weights his scales in favour of reality.

Groddeck's collection of essays presents a very different outlook. 'What would become of the world if we were not ceaselessly dreaming? Psychoanalysts have been at considerable pains to prove the importance of dreams: their failure, or at least their relative lack of success, is due to their writing special text-books instead of revealing to people what is in books they already know, books that would never have been written had not their authors been day-dreamers'. Man is expressing his essential nature in dreaming as in each and all of his activities, and even science itself is but one of these expressions. There is no reason to suppose that the fundamental qualities of man's nature are altered when he applies himself to science. The manifold varieties of man's behaviour are for ever unified by the fact that they all arise from the same source, from man, a mind-body individuum. And behind that individuum Groddeck postulates a power, unknown and for the most part unknown, which he calls the 'It'—the director of his growth and all his activities. This 'It' is purposive, and its purpose can be seen, whether clearly or obscurely, in man's conscious voluntary behaviour, in his artistic productions, in his dreams, in the structure of his body, and in his diseases. This central conception of Groddeck's defies definition in a review or is perhaps indefinable altogether. But it is undoubtedly (as Freud realised) one of the most valuable of modern psychological motives. For in Groddeck himself the 'It' is clearly not only a physician of genius, as is demonstrated by the wealth of acute clinical observations scattered throughout the book, but also an artist and philosopher; his books are certainly the most fascinating, and even sometimes the most persuasive, reading in all psychotherapeutic literature. No modern writer has revealed so clearly in action those deep mysteries of human nature, its dual age (for everyone always is both a child and an adult) and its double

sex—the woman in man and the man in woman. Few but great artists, those fortunate beings in whom the stirrings from the depths find a universal form of expression, are able to reveal anything of these profounder secrets. Groddeck studies their works as well as the lore of language, mythology and disease, in order to trace these qualities of the 'It' in their multitudinous forms, and his findings, though some may find them hard to accept, are often of an enthralling interest.

To analyse a great work of art in a manner not only worthy of its powers, but deepening its meaning, requires a depth of insight and a breadth of culture seldom combined in the same psychologist. Yet Groddeck's essays on 'The Ring', 'Peer Gynt', and 'Faust' are scarcely less inspiring than their originals.

No obscure and elaborate technique nor laborious years of training are needed to understand this writer. All that he demands—though perhaps this is the hardest condition to fulfil—is to look at life simply and to feel it like a child. Groddeck's system appears as the opposite of Freud's with its rigid formulation of the structure of the mind, and its materialist interpretations. To return to Freud is to feel that life is not so much unified by him as robbed of much of its variety, since before it can be analysed its movement must be stopped, and the process of analysis reduces it all to a few recurring motives. The tree of life in full leaf, bloom, and fragrance is reduced to the seed from which it sprang; whereas we know that the seed is in the bloom as surely as the bloom is potentially living in the seed. It is this sense of the rhythmic flux of life, perpetually active and purposive, which Groddeck conveys not only with analytic skill but with poetic power.

Heyer is a follower of Jung. His book is vigorously written and wide in range of exposition. Its express purpose is to teach the fundamental principles of psychotherapy, and it comprises a more or less detailed account of the various methods of suggestion and hypnosis, a brief critical description of the theories of Freud and Adler, and devotes two chapters to Jung. Heyer stresses, as does Groddeck also, the importance of breathing exercises and massage in the treatment of nervous disorders, and his order of presentation—beginning with the simple psychotherapeutic measures and theories, and proceeding to the more complex problems—is the most suitable for a book which is designed for a wide public and is more concerned with defining the psychological viewpoint than with elaborating the theories of any one school. The stratification of the organism into (1) the vegetative vital cycle of nutrition, (2) the animal vital cycle of the circulation, (3) the pneumatic vital cycle of the respiration, and (4) the mental vital cycle, is an interesting classification, which, taken together with warnings of the danger of certain practices to the uninitiated, and frequent references to Yoga, conveys a hint of esoteric or occult theories.

In opposition to Freud, whose too close adhesion to external facts has led to a somewhat contemptuous rejection of the products of fantasy as mere illusions, Heyer tends to be pre-occupied with fantasy and inclined to its excessive stimulation. On the whole, however, this is an original book, which avoids dogmatism, and contains much interesting material, including a series of symbolic pictures drawn by patients which are excellently reproduced.

Three dominant motives of modern psychology appear in these three writers. Freud is in search of scientific truth, 'the correspondence between thought and reality'; Groddeck seeks to estimate the power behind thought, to discover the purpose that brings thought into being and uses it as one of the tools to shape the world in accordance with the mysterious strivings of the 'It'; whilst Heyer is seeking to build that bridge between fantasy and reality, which Jung has called the transcendental function.

MORRIS ROBB

On February 12 a production of the 'Elijah' will be given in the Albert Hall, in aid of St. Dunstan's. It will be on the lines of the 'Hiawatha' performances—that is, very lavish, with elaborate stage effects of storms, the chariot of fire, Elijah's disappearance, and Ahab's feast, when the Bacchanalian chorus playing before the king will include Anton Dolin and Alicia Markova.

*Just Published*A MAGNIFICENT VOLUME
AT A MARVELLOUS PRICE**ROUTLEDGE'S
UNIVERSAL
ENCYCLOPAEDIA**

The first one-volume encyclopædia, completely new, amazingly comprehensive, thoroughly up-to-date, with a wealth of illustration. It contains a mass of information that does not find a place in any other encyclopædia, and costs only

7s. 6d. net1,184 pages. 31,200 entries. 3,100 illustrations.
160 diagrams. 16 coloured maps**A HISTORY OF
EXPLORATION**By SIR PERCY SYKES, K.C.I.E., C.B., C.M.B. With
36 maps and 24 plates. **25s. net**

The story of exploration, from the earliest times to date, in all the four quarters of the world. A pageant of great names, Ptolemy and Caesar, Marco Polo and Ibn Battuta, Diaz and Columbus, Magellan and Cabot, Erobisher, Cook, Cartier, Livingstone, Stanley, Nansen, Scott, and scores of others.

GOD OR MANBy Professor JAMES H. LEUBA, author of *The Psychology of Religious Mysticism*. **10s. 6d. net**

Can religion still be of service to modern man, or must it yield to the scientific methods of healing body and mind? A sane and thought-provoking study which covers a wide ground.

THE RISE OF THE CELTSBy Professor H. HUBERT. With 12 maps and
47 illustrations. **16s. net**

Reconstructs the obscure history of the Celts, from Spain to the Baltic and from Greece to Ireland. A long section is devoted to the British Isles. The vexed topics of the Celtic cradle and the Pictish race are fully treated.

THE REALITY OF MUSICBy RUTLAND BOUGHTON, author of *Bach*. **7s. 6d. net**

Traces the influence of music on life, from its primitive manifestations through folk-music to its development under Christianity. Shows how religion, sex, work, war, and love have affected the music to which they have given rise.

**THE TRANSITION TO
DEMOCRACY**By O. F. CHRISTIE. **12s. 6d. net**
A political and social history of England from 1867 to 1914.**ROUTLEDGE KEGAN PAUL****FABER & FABER****Behind the
Smoke Screen**BRIG.-GENERAL P. R. C. GROVES,
C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

The truth about our air defence—a ruthless exposure of stupidity in high places.—A book of national importance. 'The most disturbing survey of Britain's international position that has ever been published.' Daily Mail. 15s.

**Camilla**

ANNE STRETTON

A fresh and unaffected story of a spirited girl. This is a thoroughly satisfying and charming novel which combines a modern and exciting outlook with a deep undertone. **7s. 6d.****Forest Fire**

REX STOUT

The exciting story of a group of people isolated by forest fire. A strength and intensity of writing, which one would expect from the author of *Seed on the Wind* and *How Like a God*, makes the whole book unforgettably vivid. **7s. 6d.****A Sea-Lover's
Memories**

T. WASHINGTON-METCALFE

'A genuine addition to our literature of the sea—a series of vivid pictures which grip the imagination.' Glasgow News. With 16 illustrations. **12s. 6d.****Stones of Rimini**

ADRIAN STOKES

A comprehensive work of criticism, with many beautiful illustrations. As important for our time as *Stones of Venice* was for Ruskin's. 48 pages of illustrations. **12s. 6d.****Stony Ground**

CAMPBELL NAIRNE

A romance of the fabulously beautiful region of Strath-tummel. In this study of ambitious youth Mr. Nairne fulfils the promise of *One Stair Up*. **7s. 6d.****FABER & FABER**

24 RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1

KARL BARTH'S COMMENTARY ON "ROMANS"

Translated by SIR
EDWYN HOSKYNs,
Bart. 21/- net

"... This book is a piece of great prophetic literature, and when all else is forgotten, it will always be read as such. It will retain its place in modern German literature..."—*Church of England Newspaper.*

CONVERSION

THE OLD AND THE NEW
IN RELIGION FROM
ALEXANDER THE GREAT
TO AUGUSTINE OF
HIPPO

By A. D. NOCK
15/- net

"... He has written a book which must be studied and not merely read. It is learned, it is discriminating, it is alive..."
—*Methodist Recorder.*

THE MISHNAH

*Translated from the Hebrew,
and Edited by*

HERBERT DANBY
18/- net

"... This is a monumental work which would do honour to any Jewish scholar. ... By it, the English-speaking world is provided for the first time with a complete English rendering of the Mishnah, which will appeal not only to the student of Rabbis but also to the general student. ..."
—*Jewish Chronicle.*

NATURE IN DESIGN

By JOAN EVANS. 15/- net

With many illustrations

CECIL SHARP

By A. H. FOX STRANGWAYS and
MAUD KARPELES. 7/6 net

"... A biography that is a model of its kind. ..."
—*Times.*

"... It is a book which no countryman could ever read without pleasure and without emotion. ..."
—*Morning Post.*

SHIPS AND SOUTH AFRICA

By MARISCHAL
MURRAY
With over 280 illustrations
35/- net

"... A book that will become a classic of the sea. ..."
—*Cape Times.*

SAILORMAN:

*The Record of a Year Spent
as Mate of a London Barge*
By E. G. MARTIN
*With 24 drawings by the
author.* 12/6 net

"... A book which will live after the last barge has left the East coast. ..."
—*Yachting World.*

WORLD'S CLASSICS

2/- net each volume

ENGLISH CRITICAL ESSAYS

(20th Century). Edited by
PHYLLIS M. JONES

READING AT RANDOM

An Anthology. Compiled from
the Series by B. R. REDMAN

A BOOK OF SCOTTISH VERSE

Compiled by R. L. MACKIE
[Shortly]

"COBBERS"

By THOMAS WOOD
10/6 net

A delightfully breezy account of a voyage to and through Australia and Tasmania between the years 1930 and 1932.

CECIL RHODES

By His Architect: SIR
HERBERT BAKER
10/6 net

"... Gives a strikingly complete and sympathetic portrait of its subject; it is kindled by devotion without being marred by flattery. ..."
—*Times.*

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Collected Poems of W. B. Yeats. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

COLLECTED POEMS USUALLY HAVE AN AIR OF FINALITY: but even if this poet were never to print another line, there is no finality about this book. Mr. Yeats will never come to a neat and definite conclusion; will never enunciate a tidied and static philosophy. He will continue to feel, and therefore to grow, and to be different to the end of his life. And not only feel with his body; he will also keep his imagination, and his understanding, and his feeling for the sensation of being alive as well as the physical sensations that the fact of being alive involves.

I am content to follow to its source
Every event in action or in thought.

But while it is futile to try and detect finality, it is possible to estimate the achievement. And if we have to pick out the principal thing that distinguishes Mr. Yeats from all contemporary English-writing poets of anything like the same stature, it is the fact that he was born into, and grew up in familiarity with, a body of myths that have always had for him a perfectly contemporary, non-antiquarian significance; and that are simple for those of his readers *not* born into them to understand and accept. This mythology of Ireland has given him the Sidhe, and Cathleen, the daughter of Houlihan, and Cuchulain, and St. Patrick and Oisín, and Wandering Aengus; and, what is more important, it has given him the habit and the power of fusing the image and the meaning, the symbol and the thing symbolised, into a whole as indivisible as, for instance, is the Unicorn in a mediæval romance, or Milton's Satan; it is impossible to say where the idea ends, the image begins. Further, the natural acceptance of a body of symbols and images has made Mr. Yeats able to accept, and to use easily, other, non-Irish, symbols and images—whether general, like the towers (which he shares with Aquinas, Shelley and Swedenborg); or particular to other cultures and places, like Sato's sword and the silk embroidery, or the metal birds in the gold and silver trees of the Emperor of Byzantium. It means too that even when his symbols are most local and personal—*e.g.*, the hawk and butterfly in 'Meditations in Civil War', or Robert Artisson in 'Nineteen-Nineteen'—they are so inseparable from the things symbolised that it does not matter particularly if their full meaning is not at once grasped. The reality of Robert Artisson in the poem is made clear before it is realised that he was an evil spirit much run after in Kilkenny at the start of the fourteenth century. This indivisibility of symbol and symbolised is made explicit in 'Michael Robartes':

All thought becomes an image and the soul
Becomes a body:

and implicit in such a poem as the charming 'Anne Gregory', where the poet refuses to separate spirit and personality from body and beauty:

... Only God, my dear,
Could love you for yourself alone
And not your yellow hair.

And if we look through the *Collected Poems* for some statement of belief, we may note how this power of fusion gives Mr. Yeats an advantage over other contemporary poets who have made their belief explicit in their poetry; for instance, Robert Bridges, in 'The Testament of Beauty'. There, it will be remembered, there were two clearly separate parts—the abstract ideas on the one hand; on the other, their appropriate images. Selfhood, Breed and Reason were like two horses and their chariot-*eer*; certain social systems, like colonies of ants or bees. But in Yeats there is no such division. The tower, the winding stair, the sword, the silken scarf, are, and comprehend, his life, and belief, and passion. There is no appeal, first to intellect, then to sense. Intellect, imagination, and passion; touch, sound, and sight, are simultaneously excited: as in 'The Tempest' they are simultaneously excited. And the depth of the whole excitement stirred by the early 'Red Hanrahan's Song about Ireland', or by the late 'Byzantium', is a measure of the greatness of this poet.

The Unknown Cromwell. By F. H. Hayward

Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.

No character in English history has been subjected to more persistent derogation than Oliver Cromwell. As the only ruler who ever upset both the monarchy and the established church in this country, he figured for a hundred and fifty years after his death as a natural bogey for Whig and Tory politicians. Then Carlyle made his splendid effort at rehabilitation, enabling us to see for ourselves what the man was really like, as revealed

in his letters and speeches. And subsequently Gardiner, in his history of the Civil Wars and Commonwealth, destroyed the last excuse for not treating Cromwell as a great statesman. Yet the twentieth century so far has not been much kinder to his memory than the eighteenth. An ignorant antipathy to Puritanism—based on knowledge of its nineteenth, rather than its seventeenth-century features—has created prejudice against the man who is taken to typify its ascendancy. The mediævalist and pro-Catholic writers, like Mr. Belloc, have drawn particularly unfavourable portraits of him, laying against him a new charge of hypocrisy, to take the place of the old charge of disloyalty, now wearing thin after 250 years. But on the Continent Cromwell, like Byron and others, receives the attention which he is denied here. There he is regarded as not only a representative type of Englishman, but also as one comparable with dictators of the Napoleon, Mussolini, or Hitler type, who are familiar in Continental, but absent from British, history. Mr. Hayward's study is designed to clear away the misconceptions of Cromwell's character that have grown up, and to reaffirm his claim to be amongst England's greatest leaders. In particular, he claims for Cromwell a place among our empire-builders, to bridge the gap that is usually left between Raleigh of the Elizabethan era, and Dampier of the Hanoverian age. Mr. Hayward's style of writing is reminiscent of Carlyle, and is sometimes emotionally coloured; but his main arguments are perfectly sound. He is concerned to disprove the theory of hypocrisy put forward by Mr. Belloc, according to which Cromwell was always pulling wires behind the scenes, letting others do the work for him, and stepping in to seize the credit or benefit of their decisions and actions. Mr. Hayward has little difficulty in showing that all Cromwell's hesitations and acceptance of suggestions and decisions offered by others proceeded really from his deep religious faith in Providence, and therefore his readiness to wait upon events. This produced, it is true, a policy of opportunism—but all dictators in history have been opportunists, and Cromwell's opportunism was shot with flashes of splendid principle, such as his desire for a union of Protestant Europe, and his desire to restore government in England to a civilian basis. Another legend dispelled by Mr. Hayward is that Cromwell was cruel or brutal. He shows that, on the contrary, Cromwell was unusually humane and always on the side of mercy and tolerance; in his early years he had been a choleric man, but he gradually became softened in temper till, at the end of the Protectorate, his dignity and mildness became generally recognised. Even his harsh deeds in Ireland were in full accord with the standards of dealing in war recognised not only in the seventeenth century, but much later. Cromwell's genius shone clearest on the battlefield. But, in spite of his being essentially a soldier, he never belonged to that 'hard-faced' order of rulers, who despise the common man and live by a standard of morals unknown to him. Perhaps for this very reason he was less immediately successful as a statesman than as a soldier; but at least, for a leader of a revolutionary movement, it was something that he understood the truth of the maxim that 'bad government is better than no government at all'. It was because his feet were founded on sanity, and because he himself was essentially a humble-minded and sincere man, that Cromwell was able to give, not England a Puritan constitution, but the English character a Puritan element which laid the foundations of her future greatness in industry and empire.

Four Score Years and Ten

By General Sir Bindon Blood. Bell. 16s.

The inward nature of the British Army would be less of a mystery to foreigners than it is, were they to begin by imagining it as an institution instead of as an instrument. In these memoirs of Sir Bindon Blood, whose career began in 1860 and closed in 1906 (he says nothing of twenty-seven years of later activities) we have a remarkable picture of the Victorian, and especially the Indian, Army under its institutional aspect. All that is done, in work and play, bears the character of self-evidence. Soldiering *à l'anglais* was a unique way of integrating public service and a healthy energy of personal life, above all for a Sapper in India, for whom purely military work did not, as at home, alternate with sport, but formed part of one and the same activity. A bridging problem, say, would lead to consultations on currents with a village headman, and this in turn would produce a tiger or a boar in the nearby jungle. Typical, again, of this institution of the British Army is the fact that Sir

Bindon gives most of his space to memories of famous huntings, and comparatively little to his campaigns and his technical work. We hear only incidentally of his having been responsible for the 1870 pontoon equipment, and having been the first commander of the R.E. Telegraph Troop, and where one gleans useful technical 'tips' in these pages, it is in connection with some episode which contains human contacts, and probably a boar, as well as the job itself. It may be that, in retrospect, there is more to remember about the boar than the bridge, and behind that again we have glimpses of what a first-class education meant in the upper classes of 1860. How many officers of the present day will follow the allusion when Sir Bindon mentions two tigers fighting over the *terramina causa*? And once he remarks that 'of course' he read military history continuously and carefully. The apparent subordination of technical and intellectual interests to sport is not motivated by convention or modesty; in describing his campaigns as Chief of Staff in the Chitral Expedition, and as Commander of the Malakand and Buner Field Forces, he is very much the General. It is not, in fact, a subordination at all. For this representative incarnation of the British officer's life, from tiger to Horace, hangs together as a whole, with its parts related and not disjunct.

The Wheelwright's Shop. By George Sturt

Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d.

Change in the Farm. By T. Hennell. C.U.P. 10s. 6d.

These two books are complementary; both deal with that personal craftsmanship which has evolved continuously from antiquity till yesterday and stopped dead at today. Whether it actually broadened the individual outlook is arguable (though knowledge of one mode implies correspondingly a recognition of general principle). What is beyond doubt is that that skill was the individual's centre of gravity, with the intuitive grasp of natural law that it entailed. The worship of Sunday was authenticated in the work of Monday. The law, of course, remains, but today it all tends to the molecule and the magnetic field; and the ordinary man, the son and grandson of him who worked upwards to it from 'dishing' a wagon-wheel, or setting a scythe, has temporarily lost his bearings.

George Sturt knew the wheelwright's job from experience, and his account of it is masterly. The twofold vision necessary to such a work is rare indeed; the practical and the interpretative. Sturt inherited the centuries-old business at Farnham in Sussex. Whether from a business point of view he could have been called a successful wheelwright is not certain. As Mr. Hennell in his book points out, the true craftsman was seldom a man of business of the Smiles order. At any rate, the revolution in transport decided the matter, and George Sturt left it to another to effect the change-over from forge to motor-works. He retired and wrote this book (now issued in a cheap edition). In retrospect he found that the iron had entered into his soul indeed—the iron glowing in the forge, and the shaped oaken timbers. He loved it all better than he knew at the time, and that, coupled with his power of words, has made *The Wheelwright's Shop* a classic.

Mr. Hennell tells the same tale of exactitude in small things achieved by inherited judgment of hand and eye. He carries it on to the farm itself. Here those needs which the wheelwright studied and for which he built are multiplied in their relation to all the acts of husbandry. Wind and sun, stress and strain, have determined alike those gracious agricultural carriages which Mr. Hennell's pencil has so finely rendered, the shepherd's crook, the thatcher's spick. He deals exhaustively with these traditional crafts and implements in relation to the men to whom they were the affairs of daily life. Here one can but touch on a few of them, and in particular question how far this 'change' in the farm is to go. For though one mode is fast dying out, no new mode has definitely settled in. English country offers a peculiar problem to the attempt at mass-production. In industry, if you are to mass-produce, you build your factory accordingly, but in English farming, the factory is already built—to a small scale. Moreover, our rainfall is a serious drawback to the working of heavy machinery. The ancient methods were evolved to cope with local geography, and it is early yet to say that they have been successfully superseded. Even so, in the experimental stage, many have grown unfamiliar. Who nowadays ploughs 'rainbow', or ties a sheaf-knot, plaits 'porcupine', or remembers a 'corn-baby'?

Taking the two books together one gets something which one might miss in either separately. One realises the old rural social structure, the interdependence of 'tradesmen' and husbandmen. One well remembers the individual touches; how this wheelwright built a neater cart than that one, but that other was better able to set a new beam on a plough without upsetting the balance of a favourite implement. What a critical moment that was, when the plough was returned to the hand of its user, the new beam painted bright red, and he pronounced whether or no

it had lost that personal virtue whereby it was to him something of a friend.

But those occasions dwindle; the small country wheelwrights are disappearing, along with the wheelless wooden ploughs that Mr. Hennell illustrates. The tractor-driver has a keenness of his own, a pride in his multiple furrows, but quantitative more than qualitative.

... Something New Out of Africa. By H. W.

Pitman. 15s.

Few in England have any idea of the pace at which the evolution of Africa is proceeding. Luckily the evolution of African books is keeping step, of which fact no better example can be found than this volume, which is new in technique, new in outlook and perspective—as befits a bird's-eye view—and new, we think, in hopefulness, despite the appreciation shown of the difficulties that lie ahead. For this reason it is good to think that its more superficial qualities will ensure for it a wide public: it being an engrossing romance, attractively written, and furnished with a wealth of unique illustrations. Those who are not directly concerned with African problems will revel in it, and unconsciously will shed some of their out-of-date ideas, acquiring new ones, which is what is badly needed. The keynote of the book lies in the assumption that to the air we must look for the development and defence of our African colonies, and in the air, too, we must seek the revival of our fortunes. Air travel and transport mean to us today what the older systems meant to our ancestors. Lord Lugard, in *The Dual Mandate*, wrote that 'the development of Africa may be summed up in one word, Transport'. H. W., who commands a squadron of the Royal Air Force in the Sudan, presents a modern outlook on that problem, which explains the opening sentence of this review.

The book, however, is by no means all problems. Far from it. H. W. gives us pen pictures, as well as photographs, from the air, and describes flights and adventures. It is packed with interesting details, cheerfully and shrewdly told, about men and animals, including in the latter case some reasoned answers to alarmist assertions as to the disturbing of game by aircraft. It is filled with many other kinds of lore, for instance, a fascinating description of a storm forming—from the birth of wisps of cloud to the climax of lightning and thunder—as viewed from within and above; and it contains an admirable description of Abyssinian art, which has, as far as we know, never been available before to the general public. The whole story of Sheba and Solomon is given in coloured pictures, viewed from the Abyssinian traditional standpoint, which differs somewhat from the Jewish! Our attention is called to the fact that Solomon and his emissary are presented profile, because all 'cads' are shown that way, whereas the Abyssinians and the slaves at King Solomon's court are presented full face. There is a welcome tribute to the air-pioneers of Africa and a useful appendix on 'air-experience' (the equivalent of seaman-ship). Altogether this entrancing book is something very new, and noteworthy. It increases our admiration for the fine and varied work which is being done by the Royal Air Force, in their equivalent of the Seven Seas, and shows us how they are creating their own tradition, worthy of that of the Senior Services.

A National Gallery. Compiled by C. C. and D. G.

Secker. 6s.

So often is an anthology but a number of fragments, contributing to a theme, a collection of passages, already familiar, which one would rather meet in their context, than find swept into a medley where the character of the individual author is frequently lost, and the subject-matter made stale by repetition—so often is this the case, that one regards anthologies with mistrust as an easy means for their collator to make a few pounds by the use of other brains than his own. This *National Gallery* is, however, of a different kind. In this book the anthology is well justified, and the selected passages contribute to a definite, if composite, presentation of the English character. The selection is made from the works of English writers alone—no Scottish, no Irish, no Welsh, no American; and the portraits which this gallery contains are of English men and women from birth, through babyhood, boyhood, girlhood, through courtship, marriage, middle age, old age, and to the grave; and there follow, beside the pictures of human beings, some additional sketches of the domestic animals that are man's companions, and the wild creatures that are his continuous contemporaries, and of the English skies that give colour to his familiar earth and water, and all the life that is under them. This is a gallery that the reader can stroll through with that sense of easy familiarity that brings refreshment, and as he goes from room to room, and so travels through the ages of man's life, and as his glance rests on these portraits that are not only English in the types that they present, but in the substance of their expression, he will feel an assurance rising from out of the past, and still living in the present of our English blood.